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Caledonian  
in  
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THE  
Unfortunate Caledonian

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O R,  
G E N U I N E M E M O I R S

O F  
*An Impressed Young* G E N T L E M A N  
In the YEAR 1779.

W R I T T E N B Y H I M S E L F

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T H E

Unfortunate Caledonian, &c.

**I** Shall not, in the manner of a certain facetious dignitary,\* spend whole volumes with the adventures of my non-age, or well my memoirs with what occurred at my birth, but confine my genuine narrative to what happened in the course of one year.

The world in general has long held a mistaken notion of the good fortune of the Scots on their arrival in England; let the following true story serve as an exception to that general opinion. I have not yet accomplished one year in the southern part of the island, the time of my captivity included, but every day as it arose, was productive of a new affliction. The first day of the year began with a loud storm, and the dreadful tempest threatened desolation to all around. To me who that morning was on the verge of happiness, it proved highly ominous of future calamity.

Being on a visit at the rural seat of a Gentleman in the south of Scotland, I contracted an intimacy with an amiable young lady, whose superior beauty was equal to her fortune. Though far removed above my humble sphere, she received my addresses, and soon made a return to my warmest affection. Nothing was wanting to complete our mutual felicity, but the consent of her father and the fiat of the priest. The mother of Eliza (for that was the name of my fair one) proved agreeable to my most sanguine wishes, and though the father remained inexorable to the last, the first day of the new year, 1779, was appointed for the consummation of our joy.

\* The late celebrated Dean of York, (Dr. Sterne) author of *Tristram Shandy*, and other humorous pieces.



### *The Unfortunate Caledonian in England.*

The proclamation of *our names* was made for three sabbaths successively in the *kirk* of Kelso,\* the guests were bidden to the wedding, as is customary in that country; the minister was desired to attend us at the father's house, and every event seemed to accord with our mutual expectation. The dainties were provided from the lap of plenty; and a choice band of music was selected from the neighbouring villages. Expectation seemed to sit on every face, and the whole circle of farmers and cottagers, clad with joy, eagerly waited the dawn of the auspicious morn, which was to usher in the new year, and begin the future happiness of the already united pair.

I was awakened soon as the grey dawn could be discerned on the summit of the high mountains, and was dressed ere the sun gilded the top of Cheviot. A servant informed me, that his master was up, and waited for me in the parlour. I followed the servant, and on entering the room, where sat the old gentleman, I beheld two strange faces, not the most agreeable. I had formed a ray of hope, that a speedy reconciliation had taken place on the part of my intended father-in-law; but how awfully was I undeceived when I beheld his face clad with a lowering frown, which resembled the hideous morning. A loud thunder-clap pervaded his tongue, most imitative of the raging element, and directing his voice to the strangers, he thus exclaimed in the most grating accents:—"Here, gentlemen, is the *youthling* who late has disturbed my repose; and who this day intended to rob me of my dearest jewel. The envenomed serpent I cherished in my bosom, has wounded my very vitals! Take the villain, and convey him to some remote corner of the earth, nor ever again let me behold the horrible ingrate! Hesitate not a moment, but bend your speed over the mountains before my daughter is apprised of your flight." Then, turning himself to me, the old gentleman vociferated, "Let me, Sir, see your face no more!—Go, mingle with the heterogenous herd," and

\* A neat plentiful market-town in Tiviotdale, on the banks of the Tweed, surrounded by several noble seats belonging to his Grace the Duke of Roxburgh, and the gentlemen of that county.

“and chuse one of your own rank in a distant clime. Go  
“spend your days amidst the fanatics of the western world, where  
“monarchy and prelacy are equally abhorred; but never more  
“let your impropitious presence darken my door. Your destiny  
“is finally fixed;—is as irrevocable as the decrees of fate! My  
“decree shall prove as irreversible as was the laws of the Medes  
“and Persians!”

In vain I endeavoured to reply to the menaces of the old gentleman, for my voice was drowned in the direful storm. You know your business (he exclaimed) instantly proceed to fulfil my decree. On which the two ruffians seized me by the throat like a couple of mastiffs, and instantly dragged me from the parlour to the gate, where waited a post chaise for my reception. I was hurried into the vehicle, the two fellows got up, and each presenting a pistol to my breast, swore murder should be my inevitable fate, should I assay the least resistance, or attempt to give the alarm to the family. The old gentleman approaching the gate, frowned on me, and bestowing a smile of approbation on the ruffians, bade them *drive on*.—The post-boy obeyed, and the blinds being drawn up, I could not discover to what quarter we were advancing.

I soon began to expostulate with my conductors on the extreme baseness of their conduct, in depriving an innocent young fellow of his liberty, and every thing dear in the world. In return, I was threatened to have my brains blown out should I any longer harp on that topic, as they were resolutely determined to fulfil the command of their employer, by either sending me abroad, or leaving me in a reclusive part of the kingdom.

Though the blinds were up, I could perceive that our course pointed to the south. In that notion I was confirmed by over-hearing people on the road, when we moved with less speed, talking in the Northumbrian dialect. The chaise moved with much velocity in general; and it was full seven hours before we stopped for refreshment: Before that time, I never had been over the border.

My companions, base as they were, did not offer to take any thing from me. I was well dressed, had a gold watch,  
and

and a considerable sum of money about me. That circumstance afforded me no small consolation amidst my misfortunes, as I thought my cash would be favourable to my return, should I happily regain my liberty. Gentle hope, the supporter of the human heart, sprang to my aid, and the desire to be restored to my divine ELIZA, in whom centered all my wishes, pervaded my inmost soul.

We pursued our journey all that day, and about ten in the evening, arrived at Newcastle upon Tyne. My guides enjoined me to observe the most profound silence in getting out of the chaise. I was conducted to an inn; soon after a handsome supper was set on the table. The fellows, though they drank freely, knew how to keep their distance. After supper they ordered a bowl of rum punch, and a bottle of red port. I, all the while, remained almost entirely passive;—eating and drinking to me were far from being primary objects. All the while my mind was filled with the most exquisite anxiety, and the perturbation I felt at the remembrance of my fair ELIZA, is not to be expressed in language:

The following morning I was taken down to the water-side, when a boat was called for. Attended by my conductors, who now told every body that stared at me, that I was *mad*, I entered the boat, and soon arrived at Shields: There I was consigned over to capt. Tate, the master of a collier, bound to London. The fellows, after having delivered a letter to the captain, sneaked away, and left me on board the vessel.

I told my story to capt. Tate, and most ardently implored his generous interference in my behalf. He said, the letter from the old gentleman in Scotland, strictly charged him to convey me to London; and on our arrival there, either to send me to Bedlam, or abroad to serve his Majesty; adding “That will be a matter of farther consideration, and much will depend on your deportment during the voyage.” My artless tale appeared to have some effect on his mind; he seemed to see through the mean artifice of my intended father-in-law. I found he knew something of my family. He behaved courteously, and I found my mind more at ease: I could view, at a distance, better days, when I should still arrive at the summit of all my wishes.

The



The good-natured captain assured me, that on his arrival, he would leave me to myself ; but till then, he said he was obliged to keep me in consequence of his order. I thanked him for his kind and humane intention, in terms which drew from him new promises of support. The voyage was not very tedious, as we arrived at Blackwall in less than seven days ; during which nothing happened sufficiently interesting to be laid before my readers.

The captain conducted me to London, and presented me to one of his friends in Wapping, who very humanely comiserated my misfortunes in having been dragged away from my native climate. To alleviate my sadness, the gentleman took me to the city, shewed me the Royal Exchange, and other public buildings ; and in the evening we went to the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, where I saw represented the comedy of the *School for Scandal*, the best play I ever had seen performed. It had an agreeable effect on my mind, and happily served to dispel that gloom which had pervaded it a considerable time.

The next day my newly acquired friend shewed the captain and me St. Paul's Cathedral : we were in the Whispering Gallery, and went up to the top, and from the Golden Gallery, over the dome, beheld the extensive city and its out-stretched suburbs. Having taken a pleasing prospect of the metropolis of England, we descended, and were shewn several other curiosities, such as the Great Bell, the Geometrical Stairs, the Library, &c. This very magnificent pile is justly the admiration of strangers, and appears so supremely grand, that I could hardly suppose it the effect of human skill. When we returned to the *nave* of the Cathedral, the organ struck up, being the time for service. Its sound was but ill relished by my ear, which before never had heard the *bag-pipes of the w—— of Babylon*. The singing and reading the prayers were quite new. The whole choir in their white garments, yielded me but little sensations of delight. I was brought up of the strictest sect of Presbyterians :—for that I was detested by the father of my charming ELIZA. So sudden a transition from the worship of a church, entirely unornamented by human invention, to all the splendor and ostentation of the cathedral of the metropolis, struck me with a sensation not easy to be expressed.

We dined at a Tavern near Temple-bar, and afterwards adjourned to a political club; there we heard the debates of the young city-orators, amidst a numerous assembly, the greater part of whom knew not why they were convened. A whole week we spent in visiting the rarities of London and Westminster, in viewing the curiosities in the Tower, in reading the inscriptions on the monuments in Westminster-abbey, in attending the orators on the stage, and the smatterers at clubs; till at length I resolved to return to Scotland by land, to be made completely blessed in the divine presence of my adorable ELIZA.

I now embraced an opportunity of writing to my fair one, resolving to stay in London till the return of the post. I waited in vain, full-fourteen days; at last I determined my return to the North immediately. In the interim the General Fast was observed on the 10th of February. I heard the Right Rev. Dr. P——, preach before the House of Peers, in the Abbey of Westminster, when I beheld a whole conclave of Archbishops, Bishops, &c in more pomp, I thought, than became a Reformed Church. The Dr. made an excellent discourse, and delivered it with a degree of elocution pleasing and perfectly natural. The whole congregation discovered an unusual attention, and the choir, awed by his superior dignity of sentiment, observed the profoundest silence *for the space of half an hour.*

I purchased an easy trotting gelding in the course of my stay in London, which I thought would carry me in easy journeys to Scotland; and on Saturday the 11th of February, I pursued my way through Highgate about sun-rising.

A heavy shower of rain fell just as I entered on the common. I rode on smartly in order to reach Barnet; to elude the storm; but on the middle of Finchley-moor, I saw before me two men, who had the appearance of peasants, and seemed to forsake the direction to approach my path. They soon came up to me, and seizing the bridle of my horse, ordered me to stop.

One of them presented a horse pistol to my breast, and, with the most horrid threats, demanded my money. I looked round, but could see no body on the road to alarm. I found it vain to enter upon an unequal contest with the sons of Injustice. It was with infinite regret, however, I delivered my purse, which contained about twenty guineas; but, *skin for skin, all that a man has will he give for his life.* "What is it o'clock, master," said the fellow who held the bridle, taking a pistol from his side-pocket;—"O! I will tell you," quoth the active ruffian, with a hollow voice, "I will tell you for the gentleman." Here he pulled my watch from my fob, "b——t me it is just half past seven; these watches are very handsome things for us country people, but the Londoners have but little occasion for them—they have plenty of church clocks." So saying he pocketted it, and then added, "my eye, master, you are very genteely dressed; I think *as how* we may as well change cloaths,—I have often thought of becoming a gentleman."

It was utterly in vain for me to hesitate in order to expostulate with the villains, on the injustice of their demand. I pulled off my great-coat, and asked if that would satisfy them? "No, master, replied one of them, I think *as how* your strait coat will fit me." I was obliged to comply. The fellow who held my horse, greedily snatched my coat, put on my surtout, leaving his rustic garment on the common. The ruffians cut the girdle of my saddle, and after enjoining me with many execrations to cross the common, they ran away with the utmost impetuosity.

The horrors which filled my mind on the dire occasion, are easier conceived than expressed. On the first attack of the robbers, I lost my hat, and my new appearance was no doubt extremely shocking. I cherished a thought at first of returning to London, to make known my disaster to my friend at Wapping. Destitute almost of cash, and cloathing, I found the attempt of pursuing my journey impracticable. The rain still continued, and the storm increased. I had no time in such a dilemma to even reflect on my awful situation. I fastened the girdle of my saddle as well as I could, and returned to the road, from which I had withdrawn by order of the robbers.



Before I had quite gained the post road, I espied two men on horse-back riding towards me. When they came within hearing, their cry was, Thieves! thieves! Murther! Stop him!—Ah! said I, have you been robbed too? They returned the harshest epithets, exclaiming; “You villain, have we found you out?—O! you have thrown off the crape which hid your face; and your great coat.” “Here is his great coat,”—cried one of a party which pursued behind,—“Seize him—hold him fast.” I was quickly, and without farther ceremony stopped by the men, and the alarmed rustics soon surrounding me, they fastened my legs beneath my horse’s belly, and so conducted me back to Highgate.

In this situation I was carried to the house of a magistrate, before which I was bound, and cast upon a dunghill, to wait the return of his worship, who was gone to London. In that posture, amidst the incessant rain, I lay a full hour, exposed to the gaping multitude of rustics.—“What is he?”—exclaimed one.—“He is a robber, and a murtherer”—bawled a second.—“I never saw a robber look so much like a gentleman”—said a third.—“Ah! he is an arrant rogue in his heart”—vociferated a fourth:—Every one made his own observations on me, whilst I remained as meek and passive as a lamb.—At length my apprehenders despairing the return of the Justice that morning, came to a resolution to convey me to London; so placing me in my former position on my horse, I was escorted by the rabble to Kentish Town, where my conductors halted to regale themselves on the strength of the future reward.

My horse was left at an inn till called for, if owned; and amidst an accumulated multitude, I was conducted over the fields, and taken before a magistrate, who lived in the outskirts of the town.

I being placed at the bar of the Justice, the informants began their evidence. The first told his worship, that early that morning a gentleman had been robbed, and almost murdered, near Barnet, by two foot-pads. That he himself was within sight of the transaction, and saw the villains run off towards Highgate, when he returned to give the alarm. He said he believed the prisoner to be one of the robbers, and that he was  
ready

ready to swear to the great coat, which he said he found nigh the spot where I was taken. "*Moreover than that*"—said a constable—(for such now appeared to be the office of one of my apprehenders) I searched the prisoner, and found *in this here* great coat pocket this pistol,—and *this here* mould for casting balls, and *that there* powder-horn in the hand of my brother officer.

The Justice, with a magisterial tone, ordered me to be searched; upon which my waistcoat pockets were rifled of their remaining contents, and inspected with as much ceremony as those of Gulliver were by the officers of the king of *Lilliput*. The things found were laid on the table for the inspection of his worship, who, saddling his *gnomen* with his spectacles, new wiped with his cravat, thus began his *learned* interrogations.

"What is this?"—addressing himself to me.—"It is a manuscript, Sir," said I. "What are you a historian yourself, or did you *steal* the book,"—rejoined the Justice with a menacing voice.—"I shall detain it for my own satisfaction, as it may throw a light on your character, and bring you to justice.—What have we here?—a bundle of letters.—You deal mightily in writing, young fellow; I shall keep them, —What is this?—O! it is a sermon, is it?—that you may keep—for your serious meditations in gaol.—You will certainly be hanged.—Oh! a pen-knife!—that you must not have returned—You may cut your throat—before conviction—that won't do, Sir.—It does not signify though—What have you to say for yourself?—I must commit you at least till the coroner's jury sit—then you shall have another hearing."

I replied, I was perfectly innocent of the enormous charge laid against me; that I was an unfortunate stranger, who unhappily had been stripped and robbed a few minutes before I was charged with the horrid crime, and that my character before had never been impeached. I told his worship that the MS. was a journal of my adventures, and that the letters were those I had brought from Scotland, and which in some measure would serve to explain my journal, and clear up my aspersed reputation.

The clerk, who appeared to possess much more sagacity than his master, observed, that the circumstance of my having little or no money about me, proved I had committed no robbery,  
and

and that my shirt, waistcoat, and breeches, but ill suited the rustic great-coat found by the constables. The runners of the goals, who attended the office, affirmed they had never seen me before. The constable did not swear to my identity, and the justice himself owned I was more like a highwayman, having been taken on a horse, than a foot-pad. After much consultation his worship pronounced the following sentence:—"Sir, I shall for the present commit you as a vagrant, in a few days you shall be re-examined, and if you can happily clear your character—why you will be sent on board a man of war, or as a soldier to the Savoy." Having so said, I was consigned over to the care of a person belonging to New Prison, Clerkenwell, to which place I was conducted round the skirts of the town amidst a croud of spectators, several of whom seemed to commiserate my misfortunes.

The deputy of the governor of New Prison, having perused the warrant of commitment, asked me if I had money enough to pay the *garnish*. I told him I had not, be the demand ever so moderate. "Consider the matter," replied the turnkey,— "send for your friends, give the prisoners good words, and tell them you will pay to-morrow." So saying, he opened the gate, which answered the description given by Milton, of the adamantine doors of *Pandemonium*:

———— On a sudden open fly,  
With impetuous recoil, and jarring sound,  
The infernal doors; and on their hinges grate  
Harsh thunder.————

On entering the area of the prison, I was immediately surrounded by a great number of felons, most of whom were double ironed, and some condemned to hard labour on the river Thames, for the improvement of its navigation. In the heterogeneous group appeared highest in office, as in infamy, two of the *rioters*, who, I was told, had been accessory to a murder in Moorfields, for which they were sentenced to five years imprisonment in Newgate: But that goal, though deemed the strongest in Great-Britain, was not sufficient to confine their rage, and therefore for safety they were removed to this place. One of these fellows, for  
a capital



a capital offence, prior to the riot, was ordered for execution at Tyburn, but was reprieved under that fatal tree in consequence of the confession of a bye-stander, who took upon himself the guilt. The other, his companion in office, was a fellow as cunning as *Belial*, as furious as *Moloch*, and as strong as *Hercules*.

The former, *Patrick Madan*,\* accosted me, and in the most savage manner, demanded the money called *garnish*. The charge was half-a-crown, which was as much as the robbers had left me on the common. On my declining to satisfy their request, I was attacked by above twenty pick-pockets, who eagerly demanded what money I had.

Passing on to a miserable shade on one side of the quadrangle, one of the nimble-fingered gentlemen very dexterously slipped my journal from my pocket, (for the Justice had restored my things) one stole my pen-knife, and a third eased my waistcoat pocket of its contents. I offered a shilling for the restoration of the book, which was accepted, and the journal returned. Madan seeing me produce a shilling, and supposing I had more in my possession, deemed me for a sanctified hypocritical, bible-faced fellow, and insisted upon searching me. He called several of his companions to his aid, who felt in every pocket, but that where my trifle was. They pulled off my shoes, and finding nothing, threatened to take my waistcoat or my shirt to satisfy the demand of the prisoners. In vain I called out to the Governor E——re without the grated gate; he seemed to enjoy the scene;—his breast was steeled against the woes of humanity, and not a drop of the milk of human kindness possessed his calous heart: He, like one of the fiends in Milton's *Paradise Lost*,

Grinn'd horribly a gaffly smile!

The fellows beholding the Governor laugh immoderately, repeated their search, and robbed me of every penny:

Evening

\* He is now again under sentence of death in the cells of Newgate.

Evening approaching, the bell rang for strangers to withdraw from the prison, and to prepare the prisoners for bed. The doors of the common wards were opened by the turnkey; and the poor wretches flocked impetuously to their respective dungeons. An Hibernian, there on a charge of felony, advised me to make my way to the ward on the left, as the *iron ward* would prove a dangerous situation for a stranger, as several convicts, destined for the hulks at Woolwich, removed from Newgate, &c. for safety, all the nimble-fingered boys, and the *notified* Madan, and his companion lodged there. Madan seeing me pursue the council of the man, came up to me, and assured me that his ward was the most commodious. I slipped, however, into the other apartment, which is appropriated for those they call *fines*, and entered the loathsome dungeon without any light but that which the grey twilight afforded through the bars of the prison.

Though to me the inmates of those dreary abodes appeared miserable, yet they were far from being disconsolate. Some of them had been inhabitants there a considerable period, and two had remained for no less a term than five years. Though most of them lay on the bare boards, as well as myself, yet mirth and jollity prevailed. Others indeed, had a few rotten rags to cover their sickly emaciated bodies from the nipping air of the winter. — In this dreary den the fellows sang till midnight, and several of them were not unmelodious. One of them, a gentleman's gardener, had the most *stentorial* voice I ever remember to have heard; his notes echoed through the several wards of the prison, whilst the inhabitants applauded him with the horrid clank of their fetters.

At length soothing sleep overtook the thoughtless incarcerated songsters;—

Now coming sleep spreads all her balmy charms;  
To clasp the captives in her silken arms.

Now the prisoners rest together, and forget the menaces of their tormentors, who neglect their charge, and trust to the adamantine walls: A general stupor seemed to pervade the sons of song, and all the captives, (a few excepted) snore in concert with their keepers.

But

But far from my wakeful eyes was banished that balmy restorative of Nature. New corroding thoughts crowded my frightful imagination, and produced a sensation not to be poured into human language. The reflection on my sudden translation from plenty to poverty, from an easy situation in life to a wretched dungeon, the dread of what was likely to be produced from the womb of Time, and above all, the thought of being for ever parted from her who ever charmed my soul, and always inspired my hope, filled me with the most intense perturbation of mind, and almost overwhelmed me with despair.

I was in some measure diverted from that melancholy and anxiety on my over hearing a strange dialogue between two of the prisoners, who though then confined for small offences, appeared by their talk to be old offenders. They recapitulated a variety of robberies they had perpetrated; the many houses they had broken open, and the several arts they had used to cheat the world; and all this seemed to afford them so much complacency, that I truly believe they were resolved to repeat their depredations the first opportunity.

These wretches glory in their shame, and boast in the superiority of their wickedness. Early initiated into the mysteries of iniquity, and long trained in the paths of vice, they are become calous and incorrigible: so case-hardened are their hearts, that the frequent examples of the punishment of others, on them have no effect. They have been so long used to view vice thro' a false medium, that it appears rather amiable, than in its deformed light. They join hand in hand in the pursuit of those pernicious courses which naturally lead to destruction. The many escapes they narrowly have made from being detected, and meeting condign punishment, emboldens them to persevere in the road to ruin; *and because sentence is not passed speedily against them, therefore their hearts are set upon evil.*

These and such like reflections, diverted that melancholy which hovered over my mind in those dreary regions, during the reign of the sable shades of night. These shades long obscured from my wakeful eyes the scenes of misery. I invited the soothing  
slumbers,



slumbers, propitious to the rest of the prisoners, in vain ; and sorrow the most intense, swelled my breast !——Reader,

Should I unfold the secrets of that place,  
 'Twould harrow up thy soul, and freeze thy blood ;  
 Make each particular hair to stand on end,  
 Like quills upon the fretful porcupine :—  
 But this *infernal* blazon must not be  
 To ears of flesh and blood.

SHAKESPEARE.

At last, from the oriental sky, the dawn was poured through the grates, and my sorrows fled away on the wings of the morning. Anon the golden sun arose, and darted his genial rays impartially on all—even the sons of injustice. A scene, long hid in night, new and striking, now presented itself, and a cloud of wretched witnesses arose to my sight. I forgot deploring my own situation, when I beheld the surpassing woes of others ; and when forty prisoners appeared, covered with rags and misery, I felt my soul melted to compassion ! most of them wore a sickly hue, which bespoke their long captivity ; and the most athletic and robust among them, denied the *common food* ordained for man, soon will wear the pale complexion of their companions in misery.

Here, in one common mass, were mingled the innocent, and the guilty ; the beginner in sin, and the veteran in iniquity.—Many who were committed for *trivial offences*, who deserved but a severe reproof, or a little moderate correction, were perhaps, I thought, only sent to swell the volumes of the Magistrates, and to fill up the Newgate Calender. These, alas ! were mixed promiscuously with the robbers, the house-breakers, and all the various classes of felons. Will they not soon become acquainted with their ways, and enter into their secrets, and so, like them, become dangerous, and intolerable to society ?

How remiss and inconsiderate were the Middlesex Magistrates on the rebuilding of this prison. Had they attended to the remonstrances of *Jonas Hanway*, Esq. much evil had been prevented. On an accurate survey of this place, and a due inspection into its parts, he pointed out the evils resulting from a common mixture of the prisoners. Had the unfortunate been parted from

from the determined sons of rapine, they would have had time afforded for reflection, and the more sober sinner would have found space for repentance.

The number acquitted every Session at the Old-Bailey, and the county court at Hicks's-hall, appears to be nearly on an average, one half of the aggregate number on the calender. Those again mingling in society, prove horribly infectious, and it is no wonder that the *gangrene* has over-spread the metropolis, beyond the example of all other cities in the known world.

About eight, the Turn-key unlocked the door of the wards, and again the numerous prisoners assembled in the yard. In less than an hour, two unfortunates were brought in, one of whom had broken out of goal, and the other was what they stiled a *green horn* highwayman. Here the story of *Macbeth*, in the Beggar's Opera was realized.—“Hand me down *that there* large pair in the corner”—exclaimed the head Turn-key, with a voice as hollow as *Pluto's in a Pantomime*.—They are heavy, Sir, to be sure—but you may make them lighter by *speaking* properly.” So saying, the imperious fellow put a large pair of links into the hands of each of the prisoners, which they held whilst he rivetted a circular iron round each of their ancles upon a block, on which was an anvil, and then wishing them health to wear their *stockings*, he ushered them into the common prison.

The prison allowance, a penny-worth of bread for twenty-four hours, was distributed about noon; and it was really shocking to see with what eagerness the poor miserable wretches approached the gate to receive it. The friendless soon devoured the scanty morsel, and in vain looked round the twenty-four hours for a fresh supply. One poor fellow slipped his little loaf into his pocket, in order to eat it in a reclusive corner; but before he could reach the opposite side of the yard, one of the filching boys conveyed it away from him. The poor man returned to the gate, and apprised the keeper of his misfortune: “Such fellows as you, replied the modern *Lockit*, must for the future, take greater care of their bread, by eating it when given.

One of the ballast heavers eating some nice roast-beef, at a table under the shade, (for the great thieves are never destitute in a goal) asked the man who lost his loaf, to eat a mouthful with

him : and this he did with so much apparent good nature, and sincerity, that the poor fellow was advancing to accept the invitation : when a pick-pocket pinned a piece of paper to the collar of his coat, and another set fire to it. The flame soon reached his perriwig, and setting it on a blaze, produced the highest *diversion* to the whole group of incarnate fiends, who met the plaudits of all the tormentors assembled in the outer court of the prison.

About one o'clock, the bell rang, the profane cry of d——n your ——, to *prayers*, was echoed through the area. A private door was opened, which admitted us up to the chapel, which is so contrived, as to serve those of Bridewell, the goal adjoining also. The women of both goals sit in the gallery, and the men under, on each side of the centre. The area of the chapel contains a reading desk, and is railed off on both sides, to prevent the depredations of the mischeivous fellows who surround the reader.

The chapel is by far the best contrived place in that horrible dungeon ; and were due order and regularity observed by the turn-key, much might be effected towards a reform in the manners of the prisoners. The clergyman—an elderly gentleman began the service of the church of England, with much solemnity. The prisoners a-while behaved with a degree of decency, and a becoming gravity. The two *wardsmen*, Madan, and his associate, officiated as clerks to the reader, and shewed they had not been brought up in total ignorance : But about the middle of the first *lesson*, a general vociferation began, below and above, on both sides ; the reader's voice was drowned in the confused noise ; and language the most indecent and profane, prevailed in the disorderly assembly. This improper behaviour, on the noise being a little subsided, drew a very pertinent reproof from the minister, who seemed to be a person sensible, and well adapted to such a place. Were peace, and decorum preserved by the Governor, discourses of this nature would have the most salutary effect on the minds of a set of men and women, who seldom attend divine worship elsewhere ; the good advice of such a teacher of righteousness might determine them to leave the paths of vice, and to pursue the road to real happiness : to forsake evil, and learn to do well:

The



The great number of Irish Roman Catholics usually residing in this place, greatly mars the peaceable performance of divine worship. Here they discover without reserve, their antipathy to the Protestant faith. Hereby the kind intent of the legislature is defeated, whilst the preacher to these spirits in prison, *spends his strength in vain, and his labour for that which profiteth not.*

Another great evil in the practice of the goals, is the promiscuous admission of strangers, and which affords one reason among many others, why the town is so much infected by the baneful influence of vice, of profane, indecent conversation. Much of this might be prevented, were the prisoners allowed a larger quantity of the necessaries of life, and denied the indiscriminate admission of their brethren in iniquity, &c. the extravagant use of strong beer, as well as spirituous liquors.

How inhuman is it in government, to stint these unhappy wretches to a penny loaf a day, especially as the greater part of them have no other means of subsistence? Being stinted to such a scanty morsel, and the water which is conveyed from the New-River, is the production of the *goal distemper*, which has often proved fatal in its consequences to the prisoners, the jury, and even the Judges themselves, to be wondered at? When the statutes of Westminster were made, a penny was nearly equal to a shilling in the present day; and yet, though the value of money is so much decreased, no alteration has been made in the allowance of prisons. Have the great men of the present age lost all feeling for the woes of their incarcerated fellow creatures? Has the legislative body no compassion on the truly miserable? But how much greater still is the evil in appearance, from the consideration of the sufferings of those people in being spunged by every *veteran* in sin, robbed, and insulted by the basest, and the most abandoned of the human race, without redress; this is so painful and shocking a reflection, that no man—but a Middlesex Magistrate, or his wanton, unfeeling mercenaries, can refrain to shed the tender tear of compassion, to blush for the cruelties displayed in a free country, or help acknowledging that our land is the habitation of cruelty.

I had written a letter to my friend in Wapping, in which I acquainted him of my situation. He returned no answer; and I knew the captain was returned to Newcastle. A person called at the gate on the evening, informing me that the gentleman who was robbed, and mal-treated on the common, was recovered, and would be present at the office of the Justice the next morning, when I should be brought up.—This gave me the highest consolation, and inspired me with so much hilarity, that the succeeding gloomy night was rendered less intolerable.

The next morning the gentleman himself came to the gate of the prison, and after having leisurely surveyed me, pronounced me innocent of the charge, that I was not like either of the men who had robbed him, and that he was sorry for my misfortunes. He generously slipped half-a-crown into my hand, telling me I had nothing to dread. The villain Madan observing what passed, with an effrontery peculiar to a savage, demanded again the garnish, and caused the pick-pockets, who were all subservient to his nod, to take the half-crown from me.

A young genteel highwayman that instant was brought, who diverted the sons of rapine from any farther molestation. He was said to be a student in the Temple. He said extravagance had precipitated his ruin, and that with his life, he was likely to lose an ample fortune, which should have devolved to him, on the death of his Uncle in Kent. He appeared to be a very young beginner in iniquity, he was not known by the oldest prisoner in the goal. nor could any of the Turn-keys recognize his face. The keepers made a good morning's work of him. His irons were *light* and well *scoured*; the wardsmen were ordered to treat *him* as civilly as if he had been at *home*.

I was that morning conducted from the prison, by the governor himself, to the office of Justice, in a private manner over the fields: but on entering the street where the office was a great number of people surrounded us, and on being informed of my innocence, gave three loud huzzas as we went in. The gentleman, in farther commiseration of my misfortunes, sent his servant to a friend, who procured a decent black coat, and a hat for me.

By

By this time the Magistrate was come; I was placed at the bar. The gentleman gave a minute account of his being robbed, at the same time, he was positive I was not one of the robbers. In consequence of this declaration, I was discharged. With real gratitude, I thanked the gentleman for his kindness, bowed to the bench, and withdrew from the office, when a constable called me aside, and assured me I was his prisoner, as being a fit young fellow to serve his Majesty. Without farther ceremony, he ordered a coach, and calling a brother officer to his aid, I was thrust into the vehicle. I was conveyed to the public-office of another justice of the peace in the vicinity of Moorfields, where, as the officers told me, the commissioners of the land-tax (the persons to whom the execution of the impress act is committed) were about to sit immediately, for the dispatch of business.

A great concourse of people assembled to see the impressed young men approaching from the different goals, and watch-houses. The high-constable came to the coach door, and asked my conductors who I was. They said I was a young fellow, who had run away from my friends in the country, and fit either for the army or navy.—I was then taken into the office, which was so much crowded, that it was with some difficulty I reached the bar. There stood a considerable number of men in the same predicament as myself, waiting the resolves of the commissioners. It soon came to my turn, and to render my examination more agreeable to my readers, I have endeavoured to represent the whole of what passed on the occasion, in a *dramatical* form, rather than by way of recital, or common narration.

Justice Trulla. Is *this* here fellow an impressed man, Mr. Constable.

Constable. Yes, your worship. He was committed on a charge of murder and robbery to New-Prison; but the gentleman has got well, and swears *as how* this is not the man. I have brought him here, as fit for serving the king, your worship.

Justice Trulla. You have done well.—How old are you Sir? I see you are young enough,—you are too young to have a wife. I suppose you have no children?—What are you?—Though it does not signify,—you will make a good soldier,—What is your name?

Calc-



Caledonian. Since the commencement of my imprisonment, I have studiously avoided discovering my name, and family. I am the son of a gentleman in the south of Scotland, who is unconscious of my present situation: I was dragged away from my native country, by two hired ruffians, at the fiat of a gentleman, to whose daughter I was to have been married that morning. I was brought to London in a vessel, the commander of which, on my arrival, set me at liberty. I had begun my journey home, when I was beset, and robbed of my money, watch, and cloaths. The same hour, by a direful mistake of the officers of justice, I was apprehended as a Murderer and a Robber. I was after exposed, as an execrable villain, to the populace, and sent to a loathsome prison, where, for several days, I experienced the most unparalleled barbarity.

Constable. By the Letters found on him, his name appears—You may read it, your Worship.

Trulla. How, Sir?—Give it my clerk.

Clerk reads.—I am, Sir, your humble servant, *Horatius Flaccus*

Trulla. That is a Scotch name, with a witness.

First Commissioner of the Land-tax. Are you acquainted with *Horace*?

Caledonian. Yes, Sir, he has been my Master many years.

Trulla. Oh! you are a runaway 'prentice—are you?—Is Mr. *Horace* in court?—Can you send for him?

Caledonian. No, Sir, he has been dead above a thousand years.

Second Commissioner. He was an ancient Roman Poet, born at Venusium.—I think by your face you are an Author?

Caledonian. I must own I have devoted part of my time to the service of the muses, Sir.

Second Commissioner. You know *Thalia* and *Melpomene*, I believe.

Justice Trulla. Two of the worst women in the town. I packed them both to Bridewell the other day. *Moll Palmer* is a very vile strumpet indeed—she will certainly be hanged.

First Commissioner. Was you brought up to no trade or calling, Sir?—You seem to be a young man of sense, and therefore

I suppose you have read the act, by virtue of which we are now sitting?

Caledonian. My father bestowed on me a liberal education, and bred me to a most honourable profession—but—

Trulla. But, Sir, that is nothing to us.—Take him up to be measured.

Clerk. He has not yet been examined by the surgeon, Sir.

Trulla. Take him up, take him up directly.

\* \* \*

Constable. The surgeon says as how the prisoner is sound in wind and limb. He has examined every part of him, your worship.

Trulla. How tall is he, serjeant? Measure him.

Serjeant. Yes, your Worship. Come to the standard, Sir.—He is just five feet eight and a quarter.

Trulla. Very well. Very well. He will make an excellent dragoon to serve in the infantry.—Well, you, Sir, Are you willing to take the oath?

Caledonian. Though thus forlorn and destitute of friends in a strange country, I by no means come within the meaning of the late act of parliament. By birth and education, I am entitled to a higher station than that of a common soldier. My fortune, though not above mediocrity, is sufficient to exempt me from being forced into a service, for which Nature never designed me.

Trulla. We will not hear you, Sir. The Commissioners have determined the matter. Read the articles of war.

Clerk reads. It is not absolutely necessary you should take the oaths.

Caledonian. Gentlemen, since my fate is fixed, permit me to serve his Majesty by Sea.

Marine Officer. If you would rather go to sea, I will take you: Was you ever on board a man of war?

Trulla. Can you box the compass?

Marine Officer. I don't know what he can do; but a fellow on board the Nightingale, the other day assured me he could *band*, *reef*, and *fleeer*.—How? said I—Why, returned the fellow, I can *band* a *hedge-flake*, *reef* a *five-barred gate*, and *fleeer* a *wheel-barrow*.—[*A general laugh.*]

Trulla. Take him away on board; and if you think him unfit for sea, let the board send him back here,

Third Commissioner. I am really ashamed, and blush to behold the miseries of my native country, in consequence of this coercive act of parliament. That Britain, famed for freedom among the surrounding nations, should thus be obliged to *force* her sons, her free-born sons, into the service of a Prince, who delights to render happy all his subjects, is a thing strange, and hardly accountable. How many poor, brave fellows, are dragged away from their families and their native climes ! How are they obliged to part from their *widowed* wives, abandoned, alas ! to want and penury, to forego all the evils incident to humanity, perhaps to be restored no more—for ever ?

Trulla. Is he not too tall to go between decks ?

Serjeant. Yes, your worship ; he is five feet almost nine or ten inches.

Trulla. I think he is five foot twelve. Send him to the Savoy.—Measure the fellow again.

Here the recruiting officer set me again under the standard, ordering me to pull off my shoes, saying, “ You have a *clerical* appearance ; pull the shoes from off thy feet, for the place where thou standest is *holy ground*.” Which piece of profane wit raised a general laugh in that *respectable* assembly of civil, naval, and military officers.

The serjeant reported my height, confirming his original measurement. I was then ordered to withdraw to a side place railed in, where stood a number of fellows in smock-frocks, apparently peasants. In this *goodly* company, I remained half an hour, before any thing could be decided. At last the marine officer swore he liked me, from the moment of my appearance in court. He entered me on a roll which he took from his pocket ; the commissioners acquiesced, a coach was sent for, and with four other young men, I was conveyed in it, attended by the high constable and two of the press-gang, to the water-side.

On getting down the steps leading to the Tower-wharf, I missed a very favourable opportunity of making my escape from a situation so truly deplorable. The constable and the two young men of the gang, were busily engaged in conducting my companions down to the boat, whilst I was left behind on the steps. A great concourse of people stood on the wharf, who, no doubt, would have



have favoured my liberty. The decent appearance I made, when contrasted with that of the rest, who were gone on a considerable way, would have made my success certain. I, however, made no such attempt. A generous thought rushed impetuously into my mind, and determined my resolves.—Am I not enraptured, thought I, to the charge of these my conductors, who are responsible for my appearance on board the tender? Should they miss conveying me thither, the severest punishment will await them. Shall I take the advantage of their temporary neglect, and so subject them to the tyranny of their officers? Whilst they attended me in the coach, they behaved with a civility not expected. Did they not treat me with a kind of reverence and respect? Did not they strive to alleviate my distress by inspiring new hope, by commiserating the case of my fair ELIZA, whose adorable name I happened to drop in their presence? Perhaps my upright intentions, as professed to the commissioners, pervaded their souls, and prevailed on them to be less strict in their observation of my conduct, whilst in their custody, and made them less vigilant and fearful. I will proceed down the steps, and leave the consequence to the direction of an all-wise providence.—These and such like reflections, determined me to go forward to the side of the river.

Having entered the boat belonging to the Nightingale, I asked the waterman, how the impressed men were situated on board? He told me they were all locked down in the hold; that they had a certain quantity of provision every twenty-four hours, as much small beer as they liked to ask for, and as much strong as they could pay for. You will, continued he, be examined to-morrow, before the regulating captain; and, if not approved, you will have your discharge, and I shall set you on shore.

On our arrival at the hulk, called the Nightingale, we were conducted to the cabin, where sat a gentleman and a clerk, who entered our names in a long list. No examination ensued; we were ordered to withdraw to that part of the deck where the hatches were opened to receive us. The young man, who acted as clerk, attended us to the hatches, and admitted my four companions down to the hold. I was just about to step down also, when the clerk stopped short, desiring to speak to me. “Good God! Mr. *Antinous*, (for that was the name entered in the list) do I dream, or is

the vision real, when I discover a person of your character in a situation like this? I should not have been surprised had I met you on the very summit of Parnassus. Had I found you among the *literati*, disputing with the Doctors, in Kelfo, or indeed any where else, I should not have been astonished; but to behold you on board a vessel appropriated for impressed seamen, is truly amazing indeed. In the name of the Muses, how came you here?" When I had recovered from my surprise, I told him in as few words as I could. At first I did not recollect his face, but when he mentioned my father, and the name of my charming Eliza, and told me he had been my companion early in life, as a school-fellow, I recognized his person. Our conversation was but short, as the trap door was still kept open to receive me. He assured me, that though that night he could not help me, he would try every means to procure my liberty the day following, when the regulating officers were to sit in the cabin to examine the captives. On this the master at arms ordered me to descend a ladder. The hatches were immediately locked down, and I found myself much in the same predicament with those whom Quevedo beheld in vision, as having descended into hell, where the trap door flew open to all comers indiscriminately, but remained fast to all who attempted a return.

When I reached the bottom, I was accosted by above forty impressed young fellows, with a "Welcome, brother sailor and sufferer; down with your garnish money, or off with your jacket." The demand here was but a shilling, which was sixpence more than I had to give them. One of them, who called himself the captain, as having been longest on board, seized me by the throat like a mastiff, and introduced a long harrangue by a volley of horrid execrations. He told me that he was a Northumbrian, born in Newcastle, and was *as good a man* as any on board the Nightingale. He insisted on having either the money desired, or my coat, waistcoat, or something equivalent. The young man, the clerk, who still stood upon deck, over-hearing the menaces of the new-made captain in those infernal regions, ordered him to behave a little more peaceably to the strangers, adding, "We allow no garnish-money to be paid on board." The men were still clamorous, and insisting on my satisfying their demand, I desired the clerk

clerk to send down twelve pennyworth of beer. He did so; they surrounded me in triumphs of joy, presented me with the liquor, and insisted on my drinking confusion to the Magistrates and Constables of London, and success to the American Congress, and the brave General Washington.

The captive sailors now became more sociable; some of them strove to do me all the service in their power. One lent me a wooden spoon, telling me I was welcome to fill my belly with pease soup. Another invited me to the biscuit basket, and presented me a slice of Cheshire cheese. One desired me to write a letter for him to his sweetheart, whom he was afraid would not remain constant during his absence. A young genteel fellow asked me to draw up a petition to the Lords of the Admiralty; and several incidents occurring, as fresh members arrived, my captivity became less tedious, and my mind was diverted from that gloom which for the last few days had sunk my spirits. Scarce a quarter of an hour passed without leaving a new unfortunate captive. Those who had money, sported it away; those who had none, were obliged to strip. The sham captain becoming inebriated, grew quite inexorable; and to a such a pitch did he carry his audacity, that the master at arms was obliged to come down to call him to order.

Night came on, but still more impressed men were sent down. The more sober part of the crew betook themselves to rest on the pitchy boards, around the sides of the hulk, leaving the central part clear for the disorderly captain and his companions, who now composed a mock press-gang. They kept up their marine gambols till past midnight; the captain and his gang going their rounds every quarter of an hour, to disturb the repose of those who had retired. They obliged many of them to get up to watch in the gang-way, who were ordered to cry, "all is well" every quarter. Several court-martials were held, and the culprits, (as they deemed whoever they disliked) were called to their tribunal, tried, and punished with a severe flagellation.

I had escaped their observation for a considerable time, having retired to a reclusive corner of the vessel, where I observed, undiscovered, all their manœuvres. At length the unpolished Northumbrian, and all his ferocious men, approached my sequestered birth:

The



The commander held out his fist, hard as the boards on which I sat, and grasping me fast by the hand, swore, "You are a sober-looking fellow: you have a d——d reverend and a sanctified countenance, and so, for this night, shall be excused from the duty of a centinel.

Whilst he was paying these fine compliments, four young men, very genteely dressed, descended. Their appearance quickly diverted the impetuous tears from my corner. They beset the new comers with the utmost fury, demanding the customary money. The young men absolutely refused, and a terrible battle ensued. The hold was now become a mere chaos. Loud alarms awakened those who had long been retired. Bloody noses and sable eye-lids were dealt around. The battle long hovered between the combatants; but at length fate, who had been an almost unconcerned looker-on for some time, lent her help in hand amidst the battle, and victory terminated in favour of the new-come visitants.

It was expected the captain would lose his right eye, in consequence of a desperate blow bestowed by the enemy. One of his arms was dislocated, and the miserable wretch, all besmeared with blood, in conjunction with his well-drubbed men, sent up such a piteous cry to the officers on deck, that the master at arms descended a second time, and threatened to put in irons the first man who from that moment durst make the least disturbance in the hold. The young victors complained of the ill treatment of the pretended captain. The master replied, "My lads, the officers on board allow no such custom as garnish; they have caused the words *No garnish money to be paid here*, to be written on a board, that no imposition should take place for the future."—"I tell you what, (retorted the mock captain) I can read as well as you can, shipmate; and *do ye see*, I read the words *Garnish to be paid here*"——The master at arms smiled as he went up the ladder, saying, "You are as bad as Dick Swift was when he altered the 8th commandment to *Thou shalt steal*." The clamour now subsided; a general silence ensued, and the captain with his companions retired to rest, after the frolicks of the evening, and the fatigue of the battle.

In the course of the evening I beheld an act of humanity which I little expected in a place where so much disorder prevailed. The

scene

scene was the more striking, as it was the very opposite to what I had seen the preceding days. An impressed sailor, much injured by drinking, fell asleep in the hold, and lay in a dark corner during the general confusion. Several attempts had been tried to awake him, in vain. A young man, who observed him in so dangerous a posture, and knowing he had money about him, desired several of the men to attend. He then proposed to take his cash from his pocket, and lodge it in the hands of the gunner upon deck, in order to preserve it in safety for its owner. This fair proposal was instantly carried into practice. They found in his custody above fifty guineas, which was fairly counted before witnesses, and deposited as proposed; and was faithfully restored to the sailor when he recovered his senses, without the diminution of a shilling. It was almost a miracle that the money remained so long in his possession. Before the next day, in all probability, without the above precaution, he would have been rendered penniless.

The next morning it was rumoured in the hold, that we should be carried the day following to the Nore, and put on board a guard-ship. We were advised by several of the petty officers on the deck, that those who had not passed the board, would be examined precisely at noon. Mean while our number increased so fast, that no room was left for the reception of others. Many of them became sick, two died, and their bodies were carried on shore at Tower Wharf (as I was told) in order to be owned by their friends.

The hold is capacious: its roof is above twelve feet from the floor, and the air is not too much confined, as there are two openings to the upper deck, and the port-holes, though indeed contracted, are pretty numerous. The hulk was originally an East India vessel; and it has been used as a tender, it is said, for many years, stationed constantly on the river Thames, opposite the Tower of London.

I had an opportunity, about twelve that day, of making some observations, whilst I waited on the upper deck, with many others, till ordered to attend in the cabin before the regulating Board. We were divided into three different classes, and each

man

man was separately examined by the surgeon of the ship, after having been before the Captain, and the several marine officers, who assisted at the Board.

When it came to my turn to be called in, my old school-fellow, whom I before mentioned, whispered me in the ear, that he had represented me properly to the surgeon, as well as a principal officer, and said I had nothing to fear. I was asked several questions by the Captain, to all which I endeavoured to give the most satisfactory answers. I apprised the gentlemen, without reserve, of my sufferings, mentioned in pathetic words the reputation of my family. I attempted a description of my ill treatment by the robbers, by the people of the prison, and the Magistrate of the Office from whence I came. I was asked if I was a seaman, or had any inclination to a marine employ? I answered in the negative, and was ordered to withdraw with the surgeon. His report was, that I was totally unfit for the sea service. I was ordered to walk the deck, to wait the resolves of the gentlemen.

Whilst I thus remained in suspense, the gang brought on board six young seafaring men, amongst whom appeared a very genteel young fellow. The officer on the deck was about to order him to descend the hold, when he voluntarily offered to enter into the service of his Majesty. Whilst he was making this overture, several of his friends came on board, and offered any reasonable sum for his ransom. After some altercation, the money they offered not appearing adequate to the officer's demand, he flew into a violent rage, and swore that the young man and themselves should all go down, to remain till their attendance was required before the Board, and so thrust them all into the hold, and ordered the hatches to be fastened.

The officers, who composed the Board of Regulation, at length finished their business. The gentlemen who had attended at the office where the commissioners sat the preceding day, came from the cabin, ordered a boat, and charged one of the Lieutenants to convey me, and three more, back to the Commissioners at Justice Trulla's office. The Lieutenant received us, and taking with him two of his gang, we were carried on shore, and



and conducted along a wide decent street, which, I think, they called the Minories. The Lieutenant stopped at a public house on the right hand, about the middle of the street, when, having regaled himself with a glass, he ordered a coach; and in that we were conducted to the office of Justice Trulla.

Great and inexpressible was the perturbation of my mind. I began to bewail my impending fate, and was sorry I ever had beheld a friend on board the Nightingale; for I well knew, that what was intended for my good, by the clerk, was likely now to be fraught with the greatest evil. A thousand thoughts crowded upon my imagination, and all conspired to fill me with the most exquisite pain. Yet even in that hour of distress, Hope—gentle hope, the anchor—the life of the human soul—supported me.—Should I even be sent to a distant climate, the war may soon terminate in a joyful peace;—then shall I return to my native land, be indissolubly joined to my angelic fair one, to be parted no more. Should I be forced—as I fear I must—to mingle with the vulgar heterogeneous herd of common soldiers—it may be but for a season. I will trust in him whose providence bears the sovereign rule over all the actions of men, and who delights to bring the greatest good out of the most apparent evil.

When the Lieutenant and us arrived at the public office, Justice Trulla happened to be from home: and the Magistrate, who sat on the bench, refused to receive us. He said the return must be made to the Commissioners of the land tax, who had sent us on board the Nightingale, as they alone had the power of disposing of us. He observed that the book, which contained our names, was removed from the office, and therefore it would be extra-judicial for him to take cognizance of a matter that did not properly fall under his observation, as a Magistrate. At the same time, he advised the Lieutenant to leave the men under his charge, till he should advise with the recruiting serjeant who usually attended the office.

The serjeant was sent for accordingly, he came, and looking on my companions and me, he swore by St. Patrick that he had seen me in Ireland in a marching company constantly stationed at Tipperary. The constable, who attended the office, set the Hibernian serjeant right by telling him I was an impressed man, who

the day before had been sent to sea. After much altercation it was determined that we should all, one excepted, (who was worth the other three, but was rather short) be sent to the Savoy to wait the pleasure of the Commissioners.

The serjeant, accompanied by one of the runners to the Justice, attended us in a coach round the wide opening called Moorfields. The air was become mild, and I beheld the workmen, who had left off building during the winter, had renewed their operations. — They had began a new row of spacious houses on the west side of the fields. The labourers were looking for the approach of the shadows of the evening which should close their work for the week, and when the industrious artizan should receive his reward. The runner of Justice observed that he had never known the building branches so dead before, which shewed, he said, the bad effects of the troubles in America, and our being involved in a war with our natural enemies; “Many a pound,” continued he, “has it been out of my pocket, since trade was so dull among the brick-makers of the fields. Ah! when business was brisk amongst them, many a precious quarrel arose, and many a war-rant have I served. Aye, I have known the time when I have taken five pounds a week among the poor fellows, who were never happy but when engaged in law. Heaven grant that the war may soon be over, as the song says, and then trade again may flourish. But now the men all go for soldiers. But we must rest contented—one thing makes up for the loss of another.” “*This here impress act*” replied the serjeant, “will be the making of you all. Twenty shillings a man, Mr. Constable, will soon raise a fortune to all the people of your office.” “Not so fast, Mr. serjeant,” retorted the officer, “his worship, his clerk, and the high constable have their *feeling*.”

By this time we had entered the city, and having passed along many streets, we came to St. Paul’s church yard, and as we proceeded I again surveyed that lofty dome. We passed on through Temple-bar, and about four o’clock arrived at the gate of the military prison called the Savoy, which I recollected from history, had been the lodging of the captive French Monarch in the reign of Edward III.

We

We were taken up a narrow stair-case to a room called the captain's kitchen, where a soldier of the foot guards sat at a desk, as clerk to the governour. He enrolled our names in a list which seemed to contain several hundreds. The military scribe asked me if I carried any knives or razors about me, adding, "I assure you, Sir, though I have strict orders to deprive, for the present, prisoners of such weapons as may be deemed dangerous, yet, *upon my honour*, I will return every thing of that sort, when you go to Chatham." I told him I had nothing about me of an hostile nature to others. "That may be," returned the clerk, "but captain J——n has known several instances of the ill consequences of allowing knives to the impressed men, who having considered themselves in a desperate situation, frequently have rendered themselves unfit for the service, by cutting off their thumbs &c." I assured him the captain had nothing to dread in that respect, in the present case; that no improper use should be made of his lenity on my part, adding—I have learned the admonition of the great Apostle of the Gentiles to the Jailor, "do thyself no harm."

On this we were ordered to walk down the steps, the back way to the Prison-yard. the clerk walked on before, but very cautiously called in the assistance of the servant maid Molly, to barricade the different doors behind us as we passed. As we went down two soldiers peeped out at a wicket, from the place called the Black Hole, and bade us welcome to those regions of military captives. When we had reached the bottom of the steps, another door was opened, which admitted us among the numerous impressed men and deserters assembled in a spacious quadrangle.

By them I was instantly surrounded. A group of strange figures arose to my view. The greater part appeared to be wretches indeed, the refuse of all the streets and alleys, and of all the goals. Their deportment betrayed them to be the most abandoned class of mankind, and their language well accorded with that of those who I had before beheld to my unspeakable sorrow in New Prison. But though most of them were of the baser cast, yet several of the unfortunates wore a more respectable form. There were some house-keepers, and some decent young men mingled in the multitude.



I was accosted by a body of the worst of the banditti, and once more a demand was made upon me for what they there too called garnish. One Watson, a deserter, who had fled from the Welch volunteers with above four hundred pounds of the money entrusted in his hands, (as pay-master serjeant) and who, having wasted that sum, commenced highwayman in company of another young fellow, who was shot in the first attempt, when Watson was taken, but instead of being hanged, was sent to the Savoy, being the oldest prisoner in the place, assumed an air of authority. He began by bestowing a great number of harsh epithets, and insisted on my compliance with the demand of the fellows. The charge was eighteen-pence, which if I did not instantly pay, he would, he said, have me tried by a court martial. A countryman of mine and a deserter, became horridly obstreperous on the declaration of my inability to satisfy their merciless demand.

I was freed from this embarrassment by the arrival of another party consisting of eight very stout young men from Berkshire. To them Watson and his companions immediately repaired, with the like demand, enforced by violent menaces. They declined a satisfaction, set him at defiance, and treated him with the most sovereign contempt. He called the body of the deserters to help him. They instantly went up, and a bloody battle ensued. The fugitive soldiers could not avail themselves of their manual exercise, as they were deprived of bayonet and gun; whilst the rustics laid manfully on with Herculean fists, and forced the corps to yield. The captain on hearing the disturbance came down to the yard, and swore he would punish any man who for the future durst rob an impressed man. On this order was quickly restored.

I could observe something in these military prisoners quite different from those who I had left on board the *Nightingale*. The number of deserters, which swelled the list of prisoners here, will well account for the apparent difference in their behaviour. They contributed to incite the rest to acts of ferocity. Perhaps, amongst the various classes of offenders, the infamous deserter is the most nefarious, and deserves the least commiseration. Desertion is a crime of the worst nature, none appears more hateful, and none merits a severer punishment. The villain, who, regardless of the sacred

sacred oath he has taken, deliberately abandons his post and flies from his colours, is the worst of traitors, and deserves no place in society. Lost to all sense of honour, he ignobly betrays his trust, and ingloriously leaves the cause of his king and country to sink or swim as chance may direct. No wonder that the inmates of the Savoy prison, being chiefly composed of such miscreants, should prove inimical to every man of sense, decency, or honour.

Whilst I was revolving those thoughts in my mind, the prison door opened, and presented no less than half a dozen such fellows. They had all been taken up by virtue of the late act of parliament, and now rather chose to give themselves up to their respective regiments, than to run the chance of being sent abroad as impressed men. They belonged to the guards, and were well known to the turn-key, who was one of the same corps. They did not seem to have much mended their condition by desertion, as they wore the habiliments of travelling gypsies; and as one of the sergeants observed, they only returned by compulsion, in order to get themselves clad a-new, and then to run away to their former peregrination.

I came too late to this place to receive the allowance of the day, and therefore was obliged to content myself with a cup of water, with which that prison is plentifully supplied. Unlike mine was the case of many of the impressed men, whose female friends (for none but women were admitted) poured in to visit them. Several of them lived in affluence, and *fared sumptuously every day*, from the generous tables of their friends. Mine lived at a distance too remote to help me, had they even been apprized of my calamity.

Night coming on, the prisoners were divided into three classes. —Those belonging to the guards, deserters and others, were first dispatched to their lodging over the gateway. The fugitives of the marching troops were filed off to another side of the yard. —The impressed men, who composed the third and largest class, alone remained in the area. The Governor, Captain J——n, with what they call a picket-guard, entered the area, and surrounded the gate till we were conducted to the strong room. I was informed that the reason of this caution in the Captain, was the consequence of a recent escape of a great number of men in  
similar

familiar circumstances, when the door-keeper was knocked down, the keys taken from him by a man, who put on his cloaths, and assuming his character, opened the gates, and effected a general goal delivery.

The room we entered, was about thirty feet in length, and twenty in breadth. The iron barred windows overlooked the yard. On a rising platform round the room, are pieces of ticking, stuffed with straw, a blanket and a rug for every two men. Much confusion and a loud vociferation began among the inebriated part of the unfortunates: Some attempted singing, others were not unsuccessful; they had music in themselves, and produced harmony amidst the throng, and put a stop to much indecent language. The attempt was laudable, as it served to dispel the horrid gloom of those dreary regions. At the conclusion of every song, a loud peal of applause was reverberated through the prison, and all the impressed men, deserters and others within hearing, joined in the general joy, which was not a little heightened by the bag-pipes of an Irish labourer, which produced Hibernian, Italian, and Caledonian music.

About eight the next morning, being Sunday, the doors were unlocked, and soon all the prisoners re-assembled in the yard. A fire was made in the hall, (a large paved room on the side of the quadrangle) and the friends of the prisoners were admitted. Wives, mothers, sisters and sweet-hearts, came in to console with their husbands, sons, brothers and lovers. Those who had no friends, like myself, were obliged to wait the hour when the daily bread was to be distributed. About ten o'clock the impressed men were called forward to take the allowance, the manner of bestowing of which was perfectly without ceremony. We were ordered to ascend a contracted rugged circular stair-case to the back door of the Captain's room; and through an aperture over the hatch, each man received, on giving in his name, half a two-penny loaf, about a quarter of a pound of beef, two potatoes, and a quart of broth. Most of the poor men quickly devoured their bread and meat; and as the pans were returnable immediately, we were obliged to drink the broth or give it away. A deserter, brought lately from Yorkshire, being an idiot, afforded many of the wanton



wanton men much entertainment. He discovered the most ravenous appetite, as he eat no less than seven quarts of that pot-liquor, besides his own, that morning.

Several of the fellows, from my being clad in black, and having otherwise a clerical appearance, called me the Political Parson. One swore he had seen me exhibit in some field which he named; another confirmed his evidence by declaring he had heard me preach in the Methodistical Tabernacle; another thought I belonged to Whitefield or Wesley. These notions, chymical as they were, reached the ears of the Captain's Lady, who was said to be a strict Methodist. Her maid Molly, who was of the same profession, soon after came down to the wicket with the following note, which she delivered into my hand:

"Mrs. J——n presents her best respects to the young impressed gentleman, who, she is informed, is a clergyman. As a native of Scotland, he may well be supposed to be an excellent preacher, as that country produces the soundest divines: She therefore desires him to deliver an exhortation to his fellow prisoners in the open yard, when she will not fail to attend at the window."

In return to this I sent up the following in a few minutes;

DEAR MADAM,

"You have highly honored me by thinking an unfortunate young man worth your notice; but you have embraced a wrong notion respecting my profession. Indeed I was originally intended for the church, but never entered into orders; and though the impressed men cannot hear without a preacher, yet how can he preach except he be sent? But should you, Madam, persist in your desire, as there is nothing unlawful in *exhortation*, I shall certainly comply with your request.

I am, MADAM,

Your's, &c.

ATTICUS."

Before

Before Mrs. J——n had time to read my answer, a real methodist preacher, of the Arminian class, belonging to Mr. John Wesley, attended by two of his lay brethren, entered the yard, being introduced by the military turn-key. The prisoners were called to order, a bench was placed against the wall, to serve as a pulpit for the new come preacher, who having finished the saying grace under the hat, gave out an hymn, which his fellows set to the music of the Foundry, and in which they were joined by several of the impressed captives. After a tedious prayer, the preacher (whom I was told was a master Taylor, and his companions both dexterous Coblers) proceeded to deliver an extempore oration. Extempore it most certainly was, for it seemed not the effect of the least study or thought. The greater part of his unfortunate audience, behaved with decency, and bestowed a due attention, except the deserters, being Irish Romanists, who set up an Hibernian howl, to the great disturbance of the congregation. The words of the text were *apropos* to the place, *The opening of the prison to them who are bound*; but their fulfilment was a consummation more devoutly to be desired than expected.

The sermon being ended, the preacher observed among the impressed men a youth he knew. He accosted him and held a *tete a tete* for some time; the young fellow bursted into tears, when he was reminded, that had he followed the former advice of the preacher, he would not have been seen in the Savoy. The audience soon forgot the exhortation, and renewed their usual riot on the arrival of their friends; and a number of deserters coming in towards the evening, they were spunged or stripped in order to minister to their luxury.

Every article is dearly purchased in this place; even the most inferior writing paper was sold for a penny a sheet. The place of goaler here is far from being unprofitable. He laid a tax at pleasure on every female visitant, suffered none to enter without satisfying his demand. If a gentleman desired to see a prisoner, the captive was taken to the outer gate, and his friend was fleeced of a shilling for the favour. The disposal of the beer was left to the management of this military mercenary, and he never failed to charge a half-penny a pot extra to the prisoners. Watson, who  
retailed

retailed the liquor in short measure, gained a profit equal to his superior. They both connived with the most abandoned of the deserters in distressing, and actually robbing all those who were committed there, and who had any thing valuable about them, whilst the poor and friendless met the most unheard of cruelty. These advantages, with the perquisites arising from discharges, appeals, &c. together with his pay as a soldier, render his place abundantly too profitable for one of his disposition and character.

The provision for the other days of the week is bread, cheese, and small beer, to the value of four-pence, whilst the other twopence is deducted for bedding, by the governor. Should the war continue, and the inhuman Impress Act be enforced, the captain will greatly encrease his fortune.

I remained in this military prison above six weeks, during which time nothing occurred interesting enough to be recorded. Several attempts were made by the deserters to effect their escape, none of them proved successful. One day we were taken up to the captain's room and mustered before several officers, who all declared us fit for the service, and wished that his Majesty had ten thousand more of such young fellows. We were then examined before Dr. Laft, a physician: He dealt in short questions, wrote his recipes with a running hand, and went through his inspection of each without the least consideration of the cases of his patients.

I remained in the utmost uncertainty respecting the time of our departure, till Thursday, the first of April, when we were informed by the turn-key, when we were locked up, that we were to embark the next morning for Chatham. The same evening an impressed man was taken out of the Savoy, on a charge of having committed a highway robbery near Chelsea. He was conducted to Newgate, and I heard, was afterwards executed at Tyburn.

Gentle sleep that night remained deaf to my importunity, regardless of my intreaties. The whole was almost spent before I could enjoy the soft repose; at length a broken slumber drew on the important morning, which was big with the fate of the captives. Just at three in the morning, the turn-key entered the ward with a lighted torch in his hand, and calling over the names of several of the men, he assured them they were not to go, as their friends had either lodged appeals, or procured writs of



*Habeas Corpus* in their favour. The rest were ordered to arise immediately to prepare for their voyage.

Fifty five of us were conducted up to the captain's room, and all, but myself, were coupled with hand-bolts, two and two, like so many felons. That distinction I owed to the humane interposition of the governor's lady, who in vain had endeavoured to procure my enlargement; for Justice Trulla, who viewed us from the window on the preceding evening, through some disgust he had entertained at my behaviour when at his office, declared he was determined I should go, were it only to be chaplain of the regiment.

We were escorted down to the outside of the Savoy gate, where we found a large party of the foot guards, with their bayonets fixed, who surrounded us. We were led down to the river side, and ordered to jump into a nasty lime barge, on the deck of which we mustered another party, armed for a march, composed of thirty privates and corporals, with two serjeants. We were used with as little ceremony, and less humanity on the occasion, as slaves in the most despotic country could experience. About day break we passed under the middle arch of Blackfriars Bridge, which I could see through the hatches, and soon after through the great arch of London Bridge, which we did with the greater facility, as the tide was but just turned. About sun-rise a thick fog arose from the water; the barge-men were under the necessity to drop anchor opposite Limehouse, to prevent the danger of running foul on other vessels. By the light of the new-risen sun we could discover our deplorable situation, as rendered like so many millers or hair-dressers by the lime which had adhered to the vessel. The wind blowed cold, and being full east, retarded our motion. A sudden tempest arose, which prompted the soldiers to descend to the hold for shelter.

In about half an hour we proceeded on our fresh water voyage; but so slow was the motion of the barge, that it was past nine when we passed Greenwich Hospital. I then beheld the dreadful depredations of the late fire. One of the wings of the building which contained the chapel, was entirely demolished, and much time and a large sum must necessarily be spent to repair the breach.

The

The tide being run down, and the wind continuing adverse, we stopped about a mile below Woolwich, having just passed the place where the hulks are stationed, which contain the convicts who are employed in raising sand from the bed of the river. The impressed men could now stand upright, the hatches being in part removed, when they bestowed three cheers on the convicts; the poor wretches returned the compliment. It being Good Friday, they did not appear at their labour either on board or on shore.

We waited the return of the tide about five hours. The weather was sharp, and the time in that nauseous contracted barge was tedious. The serjeants paid each man six-pence, and we all had a refreshment of bread and cheese, porter and small-beer. In this situation many of the impressed men proceeded to indecency of behaviour. Several of the stoutest of them wrenched off their hand-bolts and cast them into the river. A general mutiny was apprehended; but the soldiers mustering on the deck, and through the moderation of the serjeants, order and tranquillity were restored.

It being high water about four in the afternoon, the barge-men weighed their little anchor and spread their sail: But they were under the necessity of tacking about from one side to the other so often, to gather the wind, that we sailed at least seven times the distance of the common line.

I had a fine view of the different shores on the Essex and Kent sides of the river. On the banks of the meandering tide, several pleasant villages arose to the sight, whilst a variety of flowery meadows adorned the margin of the rolling river. The Cantian hills adorned the rural scene; the countless forests, waving to the odoriferous gales, decked the fair landscape; and the delightful dales, and enamelled lawns, presented a prospect that even ravished the hearts of the captives.

We arrived at Gravesend about half past seven in the morning; the guards disembarked and surrounded the shore. The two serjeants repaired to the town, to receive orders from the Mayor for the destination of the captives for that night, as they judged it too late to hazard a march to Chatham. We waited with great impatience their return, and the soldiers, benumbed by cold, seemed still more impatient. In about half an hour, we

landed amidst a great concourse of people. Among the numerous spectators, two gentlemen appeared, who the barge men informed me were the doctor and his curate. They approached the side of the river just as we reached the shore; and though the common people in general commiserated our deplorable situation, yet these priests, as *they passed by on the other side*, indulged a laugh at beholding our powdered appearance, and with a sneer of sovereign contempt, one said, "These are the men who are fit to serve, and should go for soldiers."

Guarded up the high street, till we came to the market-place, we turned to the left, when we entered a gate-way, "Gentlemen," said the head serjeant, "I must leave you in a commodious room just by this place, till I can obtain leave to quarter you for the night." We soon discovered the deceit, when to our mutual horror, we found ourselves fast in the goal of Gravesend,

Fifty-five forlorn captives were hurried into a contracted dungeon, no more in dimension than eleven by ten feet, as nearly as I could guess. The door was bolted upon us, and only a small wicket left open, to admit a loaf or a quart pot. Those who had money drank plentifully, and being inebriated, a general disorder ensued. No one could sit down; all were obliged to stand in their native erect posture. With one consent they wrenched off the remaining hand-bolts. The smell of the place was intolerable. We were in the sable gloom of night, denied the use of candle. The abodes of despair, where hope never comes, seemed anticipated. With one consent we strove to relieve ourselves from the horrible pit. The bars of iron were suddenly removed, and an aperture made to admit freedom. Twenty of the most resolute bursted out; but being met by a party of the Shropshire militia at the gate of the court, were unhappily secured, and removed to the Guard-house. The alarm was given to the town, the inhabitants quickly collected themselves, and whilst they were anxious for our deliverance, they could only deplore our misery without daring to oppose our military guardians.

Thirty-four still remained within the prison, now surrounded by a band of armed men, *for fear in the night*. All were now freed from the bolts, and there was a little more room than before. We remained in this noxious dungeon all the night; but the place



place, with all its concomitant horrors, damped not the spirits of the sons of Song, who composed no inconsiderable part of the distressed assembly. The Hibernian, who I before mentioned, beguiled the tedious hours by the harmony of the pag-pipes: a general dance began, and melody and joy strove to dispel the gloom of the melancholy regions.

Though greatly fatigued by the tedious voyage in the contracted barge, yet I invited a soft slumber in vain. I tried to recline my head against the filthy wall, but was suddenly surprized by the noise of "Fire!" I thought at first, by the general joy of my fellow captives, that the fire was on the spot; but soon was undeceived by a young man of the militia, who assured us that the fire was at a distance too remote to injure the people in the prison.

The next morning we remained in the greatest suspense till ten o'clock. The serjeant of the guards, who had used us so ill, never again made his appearance. The men, who served as centinels, informed us, that a party was parading through the street, ready to conduct us to Chatham Barracks.

Between eleven and twelve, being consigned over to the commanding officer of the Shropshire militia, we were escorted along the back of the town, when captain D——t, member of p——t for E——m, in W——r, the son of the celebrated superstitious parson of H——y, was pleased to make our number even, reducing it to fifty-four, by retaining one Davies, a taylor. This fellow had been (I was informed) redeemed from the gallows, no less than three times.

One of the serjeants of the Shropshire militia, a finical fellow, and who much resembled Major Sturgeon, in Foote's Mayor of Garratt, having given each of the impressed men six-pence for his day's subsistence, assured them, in a military tone, that his men had their firelocks loaded with powder and ball; and, that if any one attempted to run away, he would certainly run after him. He appeared to be a very mean tiddy-doll of a fellow, and the men under his command, had they been divested of fire-arms and red coats, would not have had much the appearance of soldiers.

This

This *Noel Bluff* of a serjeant paraded from front to rear, and from rear to front, with all the supercilious consequence peculiar to a gentleman of his rank. “ Jack Smith, what are you about, you confounded rogue? I will make your shoulders feel the weight of my cane. Cover your men, William Wilson!—Keep up your firelock, you son of a gun!—Do you not know that you are loaded with powder and ball?—Harry Hall, keep your eye on your prisoner. Here you, come here, you tall fellow without hand-bolts, walk here I say! O, I’ll have my eye upon you. March!—quick—quicker still!—Keep on the main road, you rascal. No, Sir, I am not much afraid of you, but a little good looking after will do no harm. Behave well, my lads,—be peaceable, and you shall have every indulgence. Halt!—halt in the front!”

This was at a public house a little way out of Gravesend, where we stopped to get a little refreshment. One of the men, under a pretence of going into the garden, attempted to make his escape, but was prevented by a young soldier. Our Major Sturgeon now caught the wild alarm, and dreaded a revolt of the impressed men, who he beheld had wrenched off their hand-bolts. The number of his men was superior to ours; but they were chiefly composed of young lads. This determined the commander to precipitate our march. The word of command was again given in the same imperious vulgar stile. “ Keep off the foot-way you ——— on the right! Hold up your pieces! Keep closer: What are you about, you lazy lounging ———? Do you intend to blow out the brains of the prisoners, you blockhead?—Mind!—March!—Quick!—March!”

The day was pleasant and fine; but the road was dry and dusty. We passed through a delightful country, diversified by hills and valleys. Every meadow and copse was inviting. The winding river afforded a charming prospect on the left, and the verdant landscape, with trees full of blossoms, flowery hills and delightful enamelled lawns, opened to our sight on both sides.—Before us, we beheld the ancient city of Rochester, with its castle and cathedral. The fragrant forests spread around their odours on the gales. Joy and promising plenty seemed written on the herbage of the flowery field. The delightful prospects naturally fill the mind with gladness, and make the husbandman look forward

ward to the golden store of autumn, when the lap of Plenty will be filled from the copious horn of Ceres, when blessings shall crown the labour of the field, and the falling year !

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good !  
Almighty, thine this universal frame,  
Thus wond'rous fair ! Thyself how wond'rous then  
Unspeakable, who sit'st above these heavens,  
To us invisible or dimly seen  
In these thy lower works ; yet these declare  
Thy goodness beyond thought and power divine !

MILTON.

Hail, thou Heaven-born, best gift bestowed on Britons—Hail ! sacred liberty !—Without thee Nature herself presents an universal blank, even in her fairest form. It is freedom alone makes creation glad. This inestimable blessing bestows a relish to every enjoyment ; it causes the Northern Isles to become more inviting than all the regions of the east, and *Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these.*

The delightful prospect of the rural scene charmed my mind, and fired my imagination as we passed by a thick forest. One of the captives seemed to have the same sensation, for he violently rushed from the rank, and got into the copse. I quickly followed his example, and got into a thick part, where I might have remained concealed, had I not imprudently followed the direction of my companion, who left the wood. As he ran across a field, a young soldier, known as an excellent marksman, fired at him, and lodged a ball in the upper part of his groin. He fell, and was suddenly surrounded, carried back to the road, where he was put into a cart which was stopped for that purpose, and so conveyed to the original place of his destination. I found it quite impracticable to get clear, and therefore to prevent worse consequences, privily returned to the party, which by this time, was thrown into the utmost confusion.

The buffoon of a serjeant now, with a drawn sword, ran from front to rear, bellowing out menaces to the captives, swearing he would kill every soul of them should they again attempt to halt on the road. He otherwise acted with great imprudence, as a  
small



small incitement on the minds of the impressed men might have proved fatal. A little more mild usage would better have become the man and the soldier, and rendered the march easier to him, his men and the prisoners.

We arrived at Stroud, and passed through that long straggling town without stopping, or taking the least refreshment. We soon reached the city of Rochester, an antique looking place. The agitation of my mind was too violent for me to make deliberate observations on the towns through which we passed. With as much propriety might it have been expected that one of the slaves, drawn at the triumphant chariot of a Roman conqueror, could have been capable of giving an accurate description of the several streets through which he was dragged, in the capitol, as for me to describe Stroud, Rochester and Chatham, thus surrounded by the Shropshire militia.

In Rochester a general murmur arose amongst us. The sun was hot upon us, and the dust almost choked us; yet the commander would not suffer any of us to stop in order to drink a cup of water. One man attempting to go out of the rank to get snuff at a shop, was knocked down; but when he recovered, in return he pushed the serjeant headlong into quag-mire, where he remained some time, without being able to get out, to the no small diversion of the people of the city, as well as to us who were passing through it.

Besmeared with mire, the tiddy-doll fellow at length arose, and looked like captain Bobbadil when beaten, or Sir John Falstaff when robbed. But the mirey clay could not cool his ferocity. He repeated his *elegant* vociferation. We passed on, guarded by this fellow and his men, who seemed but the shadows of soldiers. He possessed no more of the milk of human kindness in his calous breast, than real magnanimity in his mind. Surely it was the province of such a man to treat such unfortunate fellows with less severity. That harsh *ascetical* rigidity is incompatible with the character of a real soldier and a gentleman, and never appears so predominant as in little minds, which are totally divested of every principle that gives a motion to the tender feelings, which are the close attendants of true valour, and that courage which is so conspicuous in Britons.

We

We soon arrived at the barracks of Chatham, and were drawn up on the parade. A great concourse of people attended, drawn by curiosity to behold the impressed men. The captain of the Garrison, and another officer inspected us. We were then escorted to the Old Guard-house, as the Prison is called, and parted into ten different rooms. To that marked No. 7, up one pair of stairs, it was my lot to be conducted, in company with eleven of the men. This military prison was not strong, but a band of armed men attended in the Guard-room, and one man, with a bayonet in his hand, was set over us in the room, to watch our motions. Captain L——, a rank Hibernian in his accent, came up, and assured us we should we soon be treated as soldiers, and have all the freedom of walking in the Barracks. He ordered the serjeant of the guard to provide for each room what vessels, &c. should be necessary to our accomodation, as men in our circumstances.

The day following, being Easter Sunday, we collected our little mites to procure a decent dinner. We entrusted a centinel with about five shillings to go to market, but he never returned, and so our festival was turned almost into a day of fasting. In vain we remonstrated to the commanding officer, for he was deaf to what could be urged by prisoners.

I consoled myself that day by writing a short detail of my sufferings, from the day I was dragged away from my dear Eliza, to that hour, and a person happening to be in the garrison, on a visit to a friend in the like situation, I prevailed on him to carry my packet to the printer of one of the Daily Papers; the effects of that epistle will afterwards appear to the Reader.

It happened at that time, that colonel T——d was in the Barracks. I was told he possessed much humanity. This, indeed, on that day, was conspicuously displayed, to the unspeakable joy of an aged father, that had followed his captive son, who, on the earnest solicitation of the venerable old man, was relieved from the worst of bondage. This happy specimen of good nature prompted me to submit my case to the worthy commander. I drew up my story in language as pathetic as I could, and which I concluded with the addition of the following lines:

H

An

An Epistle humbly addressed to Colonel T——d. &c.

To thee, O T——d, lo, the captive prays,  
Decreed, midst horrors, thus to spend his days,  
In Chatham's gloomy military cell;  
Nor sighs, nor language can his sorrows tell.  
Hapless his fate, thus friendless and forlorn,  
And from his fair ELIZA fiercely torn!  
Torn from the cheerer of his youthful years!  
Dispel his woes! O dissipate his fears!

Ab! Heav'n-born peace! why thus remov'd so far,  
Why reigns the stern, imperious lord of War?  
O may he yield anon his ebon car! }  
No more may Briton's sons oppose their fires,  
But join, and 'gainst the foe unite their fires.  
May warring Angels guard the sea-girt isle,  
Bid Olive-wanded peace, returning smile;  
Recal the wand'rer from a distant land,  
With glory in her train, at Heav'n's command;  
Bid Joy spread ev'ry undulating sail,  
And waving "Liberty shall still prevail."

O thus propitious prove, prophetic muse:—  
Nor, T——d, now thy gentle aid refuse.  
Thou form'd by Heav'n, as generous as brave,  
Bid hope arise—and the sad captive save.—  
Forbid him from his dear ELIZA roam;  
To sooth the virgin—send the lover home;—  
T——d alone shall dwell upon his tongue,  
To count the blessings all to him belong:—  
T——d alone shall all our song pervade;—  
To him fresh honours raise—that ne'er shall fade,  
Ob! by thy fiat cause the youth be freed—  
The captive for thy praise, the fates decreed,  
Bid freedom light again the genial flame;  
For liberty and genius are the same.

Ab!



*Ab ! Must the Grecian and the Roman muse,  
No more attend, and all their aid refuse ?  
Ab ! must I trace the Trans-atlantic shore,  
To view Britannia's blissful plains—no more !  
Oh ! T——d, must I leave the flow'ry hill ;—  
For deathful weapons, lay aside the quill ?  
Must Homer's, Virgil's, and great Milton's fire,  
So late my bosom warm'd, alas expire ?  
Mix'd in the common het'rogenous throng,  
Mingled the crimson'd warriors among,  
The rolling thunders 'midst yon distant clime,  
Will grate my accents, and make harsh my rhyme ;  
And gun, oppos'd to gun, and shield to shield,  
Drown harmony amidst the war-like field !*

*—Say to the captive, T——d, " Now be free,"  
And fame shall raise a monument to thee :  
The Bards of Britain shall record thy name,  
And write thine honours on the page of fame.*

The letter with the above lines I had conveyed to the Colonel. But he did not think proper to return the least answer ; but, the next morning went to London, having postponed his review of the impressed men, till the seventeenth day of April.

I will not so much intrude on the patience of my readers, as to relate every little incident that occurred in the interim ; suffice to mention a few of the most striking and entertaining.

On Wednesday the seventh of April, all the captives were ordered to prepare for an examination by the Doctor of the Garprison. We were all conducted from the several wards, and mustered on the parade. About twenty at a time were taken into the Doctor's inspection room. It came to my turn to attend in company with nineteen others. We were commanded to strip in an instant, which when we had done, we appeared like a new created race of Adamites.

We were severally investigated by the dunce of a Doctor, who was inferior in judgement to the meanest empiric in Britain, if we might decide on his abilities by his observations of the impressed men. Several of the most insane he approved, and others who

were found and athletic, he rejected, and set down in the list of the Hospital. The number of the last was but small. It was thrown out by some of the soldiers, that this son of Hippocrates was easily tampered with. The application of the dust of Peru, Ophir, or Mexico, was an irresistible charm. One of the circumcision, a son of Israel, a stout young fellow, of a character the most infamous, by the interposition of his friends, was discharged, our skillful Doctor having pronounced him unfit for his majesty's service.

All the rest, who had no friends, were passed as serviceable. Indiscriminately, the half blind, the dumb, the lame, the halt, the tall, the short, the young, the old, the natives and the foreigners, the black, the white, the crooked, the straight, and so on to the end of the chapter of variations, were all deemed fit to bear arms, and capable of facing the enemies of their country.

We were immediately surrounded by the guards, and escorted out of the garrison to the top of the hill near Brompton. I was apprehensive, that we were going to embark on board one of the transports on the river Medway; but a serjeant soon undeceived me, by saying "you are only going to be washed in the river, like so many sheep, and to have new shirts, jackets and trowsers."

We marched above a mile along the side of the river, at last arriving at a bathing-house near Gillingham-fort, we were ordered to undress and plunge into the water. Each man, on his return from the river, was charged to leave his old attire on the shore, and repair to the bathing-house, where Capt. L—— and several other officers attended.

Each, on his approach to that place, had a coarse check shirt given him, a pair of trowsers, shoes, and a short jacket. We were instantly dressed in our new uniforms, and appeared like a new set of beings, who had sprang from the flood. The impressed men, who lately appeared in all the colours of the rainbow, now were clad in scarlet. The sight was new and striking, and filled me with the utmost horror.

The captain, on our return to the Barracks, behaved with much asperity. We were treated like military slaves. We were ordered to dispose of our things to several Jews, who attended for the purpose

purpose of purchasing them. One of the wives of the impressed men, who was present, concealed my waistcoat, breeches and shirt, and afterwards conveyed them to me in the Barracks ;—but my sable garment, alas ! was sold for nought—for I never received a price for it.

The nominal wife of the captain, looking out a window in the Garrison, like a painted Jezabel, laughed us to scorn ; and discovered so much impudence and effrontery, that, I verily believe, she was capable of sitting on the Black Ram of Berkshire, without blushing.\*

On the morning of Sunday, the 11th of April, so early as four o'clock, when it was broad day light, one of the impressed men, having occasion to be up, observed that the centinel had withdrawn from our room ; he apprised several of his companions, who instantly awaked me and my bedfellow. Whilst we were getting up to prepare for a retreat from that horrible pit, our young adventurer  
opened

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\* In the manor of East-Enborne, in the county of Berks, the widow of a customary tenant is suffered to enjoy her husband's estate, till she commits inconstancy, by either marrying another, or being guilty of criminal conversation with any man : Yet she may have her land restored, if she will submit to come to court, where the Lord of the Manor presides, riding backwards on a black Ram, with his tail in her hand, repeating the following words, as taught by the Steward, which are here transcribed from one of the politest authors in our language,

*Here I am,  
Riding on a black Ram,  
Like a whore as I am ;  
And for my Crincum Crancum,  
Have lost my Bincum Bancum :  
For my Tail's Game,  
Have done this wordly shame—  
Therefore to-day  
I pray,  
Good Mr. Steward, let me have my land again.*  
opened



opened the door, which was but on the latch, and returned with the report, that the centinel snored in the passage, in concert with his trull on the floor. By this time the three companions of the young man were ready. He ventured a second time to the door, and seeing the coast clear, beckoned to his fellows who all instantly withdrew.

The young man, my bedfellow, was rather backward in putting on his cloaths, and as he had behaved with much civility, I did not like to go without him. Just as we were about to withdraw, the centinel awaked, and the question "Who comes there" was reverberated through the prison. The edge of my resolution was instantly blunted; I retired and undressed with the utmost dispatch. The centinel came in, and saw that the number of his charge was incomplete. He alarmed the guards below, who had all indulged a soft repose. A gun was instantly fired, and the whole garrison was up in arms. Mean while, the four adventurous young fellows, who were all hearty hale Hibernians, effected an escape, and were heard of no more.

When the morning had advanced, the captain came up to us, to enquire into the matter. He ordered the centinel to be put under an arrest, and threatened to chain us down to the floor. "Arrah! my salvation," said the captain "have we still got the fellow you call the parson?—On my conscience he shall preach to-day on the parade! Ah! burn me, but this morning has afforded me an excellent theme for you, my lad; and if you dont preach to my mind—blood and thunder—I will cut you to pound pieces!"

We were taken out to the parade, about four in the afternoon, guarded by a number of the additional. A table was placed in the centre, and I was ordered to preach to a very numerous assembly; for the soldiers having apprized the people of Rochester, Chatham, and the surrounding villages, the garrison was filled, and I verily believe, including the guards, impressed men, and strangers, there were not fewer than five thousand people.

I had cast off my scarlet jacket, and check shirt. My black waistcoat, which I still retained, and the white shirt, which was clean, made my appearance a little uncouth. One observed, that I looked like a bishop in lawn sleeves. I knew it was in vain for me to attempt an excuse from a task so disagreeable; I therefore recollected my scattered thoughts, and proceeded to fulfil the desire

fire

fire of the spectators. I mounted the table, which served for a pulpit, whilst the sky was my sounding board. A serjeant of the garrison officiated as clerk, and set to music the following lines, which, that morning, I had hastily composed, and which I hope the reader will not too severely criticise.

*Britannia, are thy sons still free,  
Whilst thus we view their chains?  
The Nations round must all agree,  
No longer FREEDOM reigns.*

*Long as the Ocean, circling round,  
Did all thy borders lave,  
With FREEDOM, lo, no son was found,  
Could nat disdain a slave.*

*Since, LIBERTY, thy sacred name  
Revered is no more  
I'll follow fast thy genial flame,  
On the Atlantic shore.*

*By thee, O LIBERTY, are crown'd  
The Muses, and their train:  
Where're thy fairest form is found,  
Let joy and genius reign.*

These stanzas were sung with much apparent devotion by the congregation. After a short *extempore* prayer, I proceeded to the sermon from the following text. *And suddenly there was a great Earthquake, so that the Foundations of the Prison were shaken: And immediately all the Doors were opened, and every one's bands were loosed. And the Keeper of the Prison awaking out of his sleep, and seeing the Prison Doors open, he drew out his Sword, and would have killed himself, supposing that the prisoners had been fled. Acts. xvi. 26, 27.*

It would be foreign to the purpose of this history to present the whole of the sermon, which having been but slightly studied, would reflect no great credit to the temporary preacher, nor much instruction or amusement to the reader. The following apostrophe, which was introduced towards the close, will serve as a specimen.

“ The

“ The pain I feel on the occasion, is not to be expressed by the most apt language. This morning I stood on the dread boundary of freedom. Liberty erected her banner, and bade me come to her gentle embraces. The sacred path was open to my view—but it suddenly disappeared. Curse on my irresolution! Let the day, as it revolves on the kalendar, be observed as a day of lamentation, mourning, and woe! Where then was all my love to her whose dear idea raises a sensation in my bosom unutterable! Had I but possessed half the courage of my Hibernian late fellow unfortunates, I might have devoted this sacred day to praise, and joy unspeakable. Where was my reflection, on that insatiating moment, when redemption was nigh, and when freedom spread all her enticing charms to my view? Where! O where! was the tablet of my memory? Was it quite erased? Did it suffer a total obliteration? Were the horrors of the Savoy dungeon all forgot? Was the remembrance of the lime-barge, and the execrable pit of Gravesend, blotted from the volume of my brain? Did I let slip the memory of the sad procession to this place, and the hardships of its gloomy prison? —Wretched man that I am! Who shall free me from this bondage? I have shot the gulf, and launched into the ocean of woe! Far removed from the blissful shore of peace, and joy, perhaps for ever!”

We subsisted, at first, on the usual money, viz. six pence *per diem*; but on the 17th of April, a new mode was adopted by the captain. A quantity of beef and mutton, with the bread of the garrison, was served in every ward. This was what he called a mess, and lasted for a whole week. No small emolument arose to the purveyor by this manœuvre; and to say the truth from the C——n, down to the Corporal, they were a set of military mercenary sh——rs. It happened that a violent sickness prevailed then in the rooms where we were confined, several died through the extreme inhumanity of the ——r, among whom was the poor fellow who received a ball in his thigh, as we were escorted to Chatham.

Others were seized with a kind of insanity. Two fellows mutually agreed to maim each other, by cutting off their thumbs; another cut his ankle in a terrible manner; all of these were totally incapacitated for service. They were dragged away to another.



ther guard-house, put in irons, and after remaining in that situation for several months, were sent abroad by way of punishment for their unnatural rashness. Many who had recourse to similar methods, prior to their being brought to this place (who arrived the 18th) were discharged, on their examination, by the learned doctor.

I remained in this situation till the 11th day of June, during which time nothing very material happened worth being recorded, except the escape of 2 of my fellow unfortunates. As the incidents attending these adventures are curious, I shall lay both the stories before my readers, but with such brevity as not to interrupt my own.

On Sunday the ninth of May, one of the impressed men, said to be a capital master butcher in London, but in an unguarded moment became liable to the coercion of the late Act of Parliament, being a person of property, he soon gained an ascendancy over the soldiers of the guard. He prevailed on a serjeant to suffer him to walk, under a guard, to Brompton, a village near the Barracks. He treated his military guides with plenty of ale, and even the serjeant, who also attended him for the sake of drink, became a little *off his guard*. He pretended, that he waited for a friend, whom he said had appointed to meet him.

They staid several hours; at last the soldiers, despairing of the arrival of the butcher's friend, proposed to return with their charge. Our hero expressed a desire to view the river, by the side of the dock-yard, promising a fresh treat of victuals and ale, in consequence of such indulgence.

The centinels, attending the butcher to the side of the Medway, he desired leave to sit down on its flowery banks, to view the pleasant prospect which the landscape afforded; and being a man of some speculation, repeated several stories, which made the time the less tedious to the soldiers. The last of which tales was as follows, which it is needfull for me to account to my readers, by saying that I received a letter from our heroic butcher, which contained the above particulars, and the story, which he dispatched to Chatham, by the post, soon after his safe return to London.

*The Story of Alexander Jones.*

“ Alexander was a native of North Wales, a serjeant in the  
 “ 14th regiment of foot, and taken by the Provincials of America,  
 “ soon after the battle of Bunker’s Hill. He was lodged in a  
 “ strong garrison; and in the apartment where he lay, were  
 “ thirty six prisoners, who had been taken in various skirmishes  
 “ that summer.

“ The guard was so strong, that Jones had almost despaired of  
 “ regaining his liberty. Long he had watched an opportunity of  
 “ eluding the vigilance of his guards in vain. He used to dedi-  
 “ cate the day to sleep, and the sabbath hours of night to  
 “ watchfulness.

“ One night, just as the clock struck twelve, he observed one  
 “ of the centinels rather inebriated, and apparently remiss in his  
 “ duty. Jones now felt an ardent desire in his breast of  
 “ being delivered from captivity. He ran to the fire-place, and  
 “ wrenched a bar from the chimney, by which he opened the  
 “ door of the apartment, forcing the bolts.

“ Our hero, entering the guard-room, observed the serjeant,  
 “ corporal, and the rest of the men, one young fellow excepted,  
 “ fast asleep on the floor

“ ‘Who comes there?’—exclaimed the wakeful centinel—‘A  
 “ friend’—replied our adventurer, in a low tone. The young  
 “ man, who well knew Jones, assured him he had nothing to  
 “ fear; adding ‘Long have I beheld your distress—long have I  
 “ deplored your case—long have I wished the British prisoners  
 “ a fair chance to obtain their liberty, and be relieved from the  
 “ intolerable yoke laid on their necks, by tyrants, the most arbi-  
 “ trary that ever disgraced human nature.’

“ Gladness now beamed in the eyes of our captive, who, in  
 “ the softest strains, thus addressed the soldier.

“ Countryman, Briton!—Fellow-subject; for a series of months  
 “ you have seemed to deplore my affliction, and often heard my  
 “ lamentations in this prison. I mourned not so much for my  
 “ self as for my forlorn family in England, from whom I parted,  
 “ to serve my king and country.—Liberty will ever be precious to  
 “ Britons;—and should you now take that life, within your  
 “ power,

“ power, you will see her sacred name engraved on my heart.”

“ I too”—said the centinel—“ am charmed by the mention of the hallowed name of Liberty.—you have nothing to be afraid of. Unerring Providence now presents the fairest opportunity of Freedom regained.”

“ Come” said our adventurer “ let us pursue the delightful goddess, and bend our steps towards the shore, where my countrymen still reign. I have money enough in my pocket to defray the expences of the journey, and to answer every necessary purpose.”

“ The centinel, without hesitation, left his post, dressed Jones in the great coat of the serjeant, and the hat and other accoutrements of one of the guards, who remained in the posture just described. Thus equipped, they passed the first centry, by giving the proper *parole*, and before day-break, got out of the garrison’s fire.

“ About the time of sun-rise, they approached the banks of the river, much wider than the Medway before us, “ My friend” said the centinel “ we are now near the road that leads to my father’s house. I can just descry its battlement rising above the top of yonder hill, within the covert of the British cannon. Amidst the greatest disaffection of the Provincials, my aged father has kept his loyalty. Under his hospitable roof we shall be perfectly secure from the pursuit of the garrison we have just forsaken.

“ Jones, who I call our adventurer, had been used to swim ; nor could the rapidity of the water deter him from getting across to the opposite shore, in order to return with a boat, to carry the centinel, who durst not go out of his depth. He had left his clothes and cash to the care of his kind conductor, till he returned with the canoe. He had just time to dress himself, when the guards from the garrison, having caught the alarm, arrived at the side of the river. Seeing the American guard advance, they both rushed into the boat, and notwithstanding the fire of the soldiers, they got safe to the opposite shore, went to the house of the centinel’s father, were kindly entertained, and now are both officers in the service of his majesty in America.”

The butcher, finishing his story to the young soldiers, who conducted him from the Barracks of Chatham, drew a bag from his pocket, which contained about eighty guineas “ would to



heaven" exclaimed he "I were under the care of such a centinel as the young American." He read their answer in their eyes, which sparkled at the sight of the dust of Ophir. "Behold yonder Island in the river," continued the butcher— "there should I be safe and happy." He waited not for an answer, but straight scattered about his cash, which the young centinels eagerly ran to gather, mean while our captive rushed into the river, swam over, and effectually got out of their reach.

On the evening of the same day, one of the captives escaped, from the room where I lodged, in a woman's apparel; which is the second adventure I promised to lay before my readers.

### The Captive Coachman;

Or the story of *George Eaton*, who made his escape from the *Old Guard*, in *Chatham Barracks*, in the Dress of his *Girl*.

George had lately been the coachman of a nobleman high in office, in Westminster, and contracted the low habit of tipling and gambling in public houses. He was never happy but when in the company of gypsies or vagrants. His master was fond of him, and had long winked at many offences. His lordship seldom ever saw a company of strollers in the country, without exclaiming "Do you know George Eaton?" "Know him! Heaven bless your honour," some of them would say, "well do we know George; he is as honest a gentleman as ever tipped off a tankard."

George became enamoured of a fine young lass of the gypsiey tribe, and spent so much time in her company, as to neglect his master's business. He was suspended from his office, and soon became the prey of the Middlesex constables, who impressed him. He came from the Savoy when I came, and was constantly one of my companions in the Guard at Chatham. He assumed the appellation of Lord N——, and by that title his lordship shall be held forth in the following short, authentic story.

Soon after the arrival of Lord N——, at the barracks, he was visited by his girl. One day the captain of the garrison, being in the ward, asked who the young woman was? "She is the lady of lord N——," said I—"The lady of lord N——! Who is lord N——?"

N——?" I told him that George Eaton was commonly called so. "I beg your lordship's pardon" exclaimed the captain, addressing himself to George, "Your lady has my free consent to remain with your lordship during your stay in this country; and when you embark, you shall have liberty to take her along with you to Minorca."

Lord N——, soon after the arrival of his lady, formed a plan, the execution of which would restore him to liberty. The lady had brought from London a double suit of apparel. Their faces were much alike as to colour. He proposed dressing himself in her clothes, but was long prevented from it by the watchful centinels, who, as I before observed, perpetually guarded us in the room.

His Lordship communicated the scheme to me, and confidently required my advice. I soon removed his difficulty, by persuading him to erect a screen around his bed, which was in a re-clute corner of the room. This he did by fastening a cord to the cieling, to which he fixed a blanket, in the manner of the strolling players in a country barn. This was done several nights previous to the grand operation of his plan.

The better to carry on the scheme, the young lady pretended an indisposition. Towards the evening of the day above mentioned, she tied a handkerchief over part of her black, but comely face, and frequently went down, in order to impress an idea of her illness on the minds of the guards, and to make her lord, when he should appear in the same dress, the less suspected.

Lord N——, with his lady withdrew behind the curtain, to prepare for the coming act, about seven in the evening, just as the guard was relieved, and when a young raw Welch lad was set over us as a centinal:

I found his Lordship had communicated his scheme to several others of the captives, who all impatiently waited for the important event. Some were perpetually peeping into the new formed *tiring-room*, to behold what progress his Lordship had made. I too indulged a peep behind the curtain, and could discover, that Lord N—— was dressed in a spotted linen gown, a scarlet petticoat, a superb high head dress, and a napkin tied over the  
lower

lower part of his face to hide his beard, and his masculine features. The lady sat at the foot of his bed, looking through the blanket, waiting for the shadows of the evening.

The Lord of day, now set beneath the horizon, and scarcely tinged the summit of the Cantian hills, with his departing rays, when Lord N—— stalked forth from behind the curtain, in the new attire. So nicely was the whole manœuvre managed, that all the prisoners who were not apprized of the affair, supposed him a real woman. The centinel had not the least suspicion, when I desired him to call up one of the guard to bring us a pail of water.

The sable shades began to spread their wings over the room, when his lordship in his new habiliments, approached to the door. His appearance to me was truly grotesque, for his deportment was but awkward. In his high-heeled shoes he walked, and could scarcely support his uneasy steps over the floor. His Lordship's friends, his lady—and fate herself, stood trembling at the dread event. He marched cautiously. Several times he looked round, and discovered horror and perturbation in his looks. I never saw any form more resemble one of the witches in Macbeth. He put me in mind of that perfectly horrible description of the old hag, by Otway.

*In a close lane, as I pursued<sup>m</sup>y journey,—  
I met a wither'd hag, with age grown double,  
Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to herself.  
Her eyes, with scalding rheum, was gall'd and red;  
Cold palsy shook her head; her hands seem'd wither'd;  
And on her crooked shoulders, had she hung  
The tatter'd remnant of an old strip'd hanging,  
Which serv'd to keep her carcass from the cold:  
So there was nothing of a piece about her.  
Her lower weeds were all o'er coarsely patch'd  
With different colour'd rags; some red, some yellow;—  
And seem'd to speak variety of wretchedness.*

Just as his Lordship gained the door, it was opened by the serjeant, to whom one of the men delivered the pail for the water, saying,



saying, "The woman wants to go out to market." His Lordship waving a tin pot in his hand, which just peeped from under his cloak, passed the serjeant unsuspected, and almost unobserved.

Poor Lady N—— all the while remained behind the scene, in the utmost agitation, till she thought her lord had quite passed all the guards. Several of her friends in the secret, now advised her to prepare for her departure from the barracks, in order to meet her beloved at the place appointed. She did so, by packing up the cloaths of his Lordship, and other things, and in less than an hour, she knocked at the door, desiring to be admitted down. "I do not think you will be allowed to go out again to night," said the young centinel, who supposed she had been out before, and returned. The corporal came up, and in great anger, reprimanded the centinel for suffering such noise in the ward. Lady N—— begged his pardon, but as she wanted to leave the bundle, under her arm, at the Canteens, (the sutling house of the garrison) she hoped she would be once more indulged to go out. The corporal, with much ado, suffered her to depart, swearing she should not return that night, without a peremptory order from the captain.

The matter remained undiscovered, till the guard was again relieved, which was at 9 o'clock, when the serjeant and corporal attended, to introduce the fresh centinel.—"Count your prisoners"—said the serjeant.—The young fellow reported fifteen. "Oh you blockhead—look behind the curtain yonder;—there is my Lord N—— in bed with his lady." The young fellow approached the corner, and looking through the blanket, cried out, "There is nobody here!" The serjeant and corporal ran up, removed the scenery, and stood as much amazed, as young Philpot the citizen, when he discovers his father, on the overturning of the table.

The serjeant looked over his list, and fain would have persuaded his eyes, that they read sixteen. He rubbed his eyes, looked round, and read alternately. He swore he would shoot the late centinel, who said, "I will take my bible-oath, that no one has withdrawn since I came on duty, except the woman, who went down twice." "Who opened the door?" cried the vociferous serjeant, "You did yourself." retorted the fellow, "and the corporal opened it the second time"

"O

“ O the D——l burn me,” cried the Hibernian corporal, “ but I am sure and certain she was a woman, for she scolded me like a fury below stairs. But your own dear self let her out the first time—and by my salvation I believe—that your woman was a man.”

They reported this transaction to the captain, who instantly repaired with a fresh guard to our ward; he searched every corner, and looked under every bed. He ordered a halbert to be poked up the chimney, and firing a gun up the funnel, exclaimed “ O the world for you, but if you are got up to the house top, I will blow your Lordship to—— !”

The poor centinel was whipt the next day, most unmercifully, on the parade; and the serjeant would have been broke, and punished, had I not drawn up a true state of the case, which being laid before the court martial, induced the officers to acquit him of the charge.

Friday, the eleventh of June, proved the important day for the impressed men, and the deserters, who were all to embark on board various vessels on the Medway. We arose at five o'clock, and dressed all the mutton which was laid in for that week. A great number of the additional recruits were also designed to attend us on our voyage. They surrounded the prison, in order to escort us to the water-side, with drums beating, and fifes playing to war-like music.

We were conducted to the top of the steps which lead down in a swift descent to the side of the Medway, when one Denee, an impressed man, demanded a guinea of Captain L——, as being due for having procured him a fine puppy from Berkshire, during his captivity. Often he had dunned the brave captain for the money, and as often he had been put off by bare promises. The wife of the poor fellow, who had brought up the puppy, attended her husband to the side of the river, entreating with tears, the payment of the guinea. The commander was deaf to their cries, which were in some measure drowned by the thunder of the drums, and the ear-piercing fifes. The poor fellow discontinued his march, and reiterated, “ I hope your honour will remember  
“ the

“the puppy.”—“What, Sir?”—“The guinea, your honour!” Two serjeants—slaves of authority—at the nod of the captain, proceeded to drag poor Denée down the steps; but proving too powerful for them both, he tumbled them head-long down about fifty steps. They fell, and with them were precipitated to the bottom, soldiers, drummers, musicians, and the captain himself. The scene to me, who had gained the water-side, was really diverting I must own, and put me in mind of the fall of the angels to Pandæmonium.

The valiant commander, recovering from his fright, ran furiously at the poor fellow. His passion seemed surpassing human. He ordered him to be put in irons. Still Denée harped upon his puppy. “You know your honour had my puppy!—It is of the “Duke of Devonshire’s breed, your honour!” The captain struck him over the head with much violence, and the guards hurried him into the boat, without being paid by the *worthy* captain, who from the shore exclaimed after us,—“You shall remain in irons “during the whole voyage, and when you return—I will not “pay for the puppy!”

Fifty-two of us were carried in different boats on board the *Naomi*, a small ship fitted up to transport the impressed men, part of the additional recruits, and about ten of the deserters. The rest were taken on board the two other vessels which lay a little lower down in the river.

We had no sooner embarked, than the men ran down to the hold with the utmost haste to choose their births. I chose a place the most commodious for writing; and had procured several quires of paper, two bottles of ink, and plenty of pens. I had by this time finished several volumes, the composing of which diverted me, in some measure, from melancholy. No sooner had I settled my birth, than I renewed my study, and continued this History, which is presented to the reader, as it was written at the time when the occurrences here recorded actually happened.

Each man was presented with a mattraß, a blanket, a rug and a pillow; and considering the contracted hold, we lay comfortably—Two young officers, named Chisholm and Ogilvie, very humanely treated us all. They examined every birth, and saw every thing relating to our beds, managed with the utmost regularity and convenience.



The provision of the ship was not allowed us on the first day: The next morning we had a quantity of biscuit weighed out to each mess. For dinner we had salt beef and plumb-pudding, pease-soup, and good small beer. We were then informed, that we should have three-pence *per diem* regularly paid on our arrival at Minorca;

The Hibernian bag-piper, whom I before mentioned, had been released from his confinement in the barracks, and had received the repeated promises of his countryman, the captain, of a discharge. The poor old man had re-taken himself to his labour in the vicinity. On the morning of our embarkation, he was sent for, and ordered to attune his pipes in the procession; but just as he was about to return, the captain stopped him short, by saying, "Arrah! by St. Patrick, you must go, my dear honey! "Get into the boat, you rascal; I have done with your playing." So he was obliged to accompany us on board the Naomi.

We remained at anchor on the river till the morning of Tuesday. On Sunday a most desperate scheme was formed, by about forty of the most daring of the deserters and impressed men. The design was to rise upon the centinels at midnight, take possession of their arms, cut the cable, and so suffer the vessel to run a-drift by the tide, and then all might make their escape. The plan was quite mature, and every thing was ultimately settled in reducing it to practice; but the officers receiving private information of the diabolical attempt, had a reinforcement of soldiers and officers from the Barracks: The ring-leaders, just as they were preparing their operations, were all seized, put in irons, and secured.

On the morning of Tuesday, the sailors weighed anchor, and assisted by us and the soldiers, they towed the ships from buoy to buoy. We had made but an inconsiderable progress down the river, when the tide left us. The vessel was a-ground by the side of an island, and as the tide ebbed, it fell gradually on its larboard side. What was level before, now appeared perpendicular. The masts sloped to the water. The officers and crew became quite alarmed. We were all obliged to climb up to the starboard side, and cling to the cordage. The guns fell from the port-holes into the river; the casks of fresh water rolled down the deck, and lamed several of the soldiers. Their wives and children sent up  
most

most melancholy cries; the loss of the lives of the whole crew, seemed inevitable.

The lower deck was filled with water. The long-boat being suspended in midway air, the officers discovered great fear, as a revolt of the impressed men was dreaded. We were near the island, but the mud on the shore was deemed impassable. Terror and distress appeared visible on the faces of even the most hardened, two desperate fellows excepted of the impressed men, who sang with as much glee, as if they had been at a country fair or nocturnal merry-meeting. That insensibility shew'd more their stupidity than courage, for none of them made the faintest effort to regain that liberty, without which I can never attune my feeble notes, but rather hang my harp upon the willow, should I be permitted to reach the island before me.

In this perilous situation, we continued near two hours, before any thing could be determined for our safety. One captain O'Mara came along-side of the vessel, and having procured three boats, all the impressed men were carried round the point, to an old French East India hulk, lying off Gillingham Fort. This was called the Security, and was appropriated to the reception of men in our circumstances, as well as French and American prisoners.

Before we quitted the Naomi, I made shift to creep into the hold, in order to save my manuscripts, and the implements of writing: But the Red Rag of Royalty I left behind, and never after was disgraced by a livery which I abhorred. It had not been above twice on my back, and I thought the opportunity not unhappily employed in leaving it behind.

When we arrived at the Security, the officers, who attended us in the boats, got out first upon a floating platform. We were ordered to ascend a range of spacious steps which led up to the deck. A number of people were on board, consisting of marines, sailors, and women. We were counted like so many sheep going to a fold, and then ordered to descend to the middle deck.

The hold was large, being nearly the whole length of the vessel. The roof was low, and supported by grotesque pillars. The port-holes were filled almost up by iron railings. It seemed like the nave of an ancient gothic cathedral, which, in the words of Milton, gives a *dim religious light*. The area is about an hundred and

ten feet in length, and about thirty-six in breadth. Through the contracted port-holes, we saw our late ship in distress, and the sun sinking beneath the horizon.

The poor fellows were far from being cast down on the occasion, though many had lost their all on board the Naomi. The sons of Song began to tune their notes to melody, which though but harsh, served to express their joy on being delivered. They constrained me to give a short lecture, and the reader who has noticed the names of the captain, and our late ship, will allow some merit in the choice of a text from the Book of Ruth, "Call me "no more Naomi, but Mara." The Hibernian bag-pipe player, produced anew, certain Italian, Irish, and Scottish airs, and a general dance closed the conviviality, just as the soldiers arrived at the hulk.

When the officers came up to the deck, we were ordered to descend a degree lower, that the soldiers might occupy that part which we had fixed upon. This met the disapprobation of the poor fellows, who absolutely refused to comply with the order. Some unguarded expressions were thrown out by several of us, which greatly incensed the captain, and the two ensigns. Several of the marines came down, and threatened to string ten or a dozen of the most refractory upon an iron rod, which they brought down. After much altercation, we were obliged to comply.

I think in the whole course of my observation, I never before beheld a set of such horrid ghastly looking mortals, as those of the gang belonging to the guard-ship. To form a faint idea of their appearance, and fiend-like form, I need not point my readers to the keepers of goals in London. Indeed in those regions of cruelty, there are men whose faces indicate their minds destitute of human kindness. God forbid any of the readers of this story should ever descend to the infernal regions, to see those fiends and spectres of the yawning deep!—there is no occasion for such a descent.—He may view the originals on board the Security, lying off Gillingham Fort.



*Di, quibus imperium est animarum, umbraque silentis,  
Est chaos, & phlegethon, loca nocte silentia late;  
Sit mihi fas audita loqui! sit numine vestro  
Pondere res alta terra & caligine morsus.*

VIRG.

*Ye realms, yet unreveal'd to human sight,  
Ye gods who rule the regions of the night,  
Ye gliding ghosts, permit me to relate  
The mystic wonders of your silent state.*

The hold was as dark as the fable hours of night spread over us could make it. Every man was obliged to grope for a birth in the dreary gloom. Props, projections, joists, and beams, presented themselves to our noses. I reclined my head on a bundle of papers, and stretched out my limbs on the pitchy floor, whilst my waistcoat, shirt, and trowsers, adhered to the boards, as I shifted alternately from side to side.

The noise of my fellow unfortunates ceased not till near morning. Many stories were introduced by several of the young men, to divert the night. I courted the balmy charmer of the woes of humanity, with all the softest persuasion, but in vain; she refused to extend her silken embraces to soothe the exile. However, about an hour before sun-rise, my reason became absorbed by a frightful dream. I thought I saw my amiable ELIZA distressed, distracted, and abandoned to despair. I ran to comfort her, when she suddenly disappeared, and I awaked in the utmost perturbation. The light began to spring into the hold from the east, when a scene of woe presented itself, and inspired me with such ideas of horror as cannot be transmitted to language!—But wherefore this affright, O my soul, supported as thou art—conscious of innocence?

*The man resolv'd and steady to his trust,  
Inflexible to ill, and obstinately just,  
May the rude rabble's insolence despise,  
Their senseless clamours and tumultous cries;  
The tyrant's fierceness he beguiles,  
And the stern brow and the harsh voice defies,  
And with superior greatness smiles.*

L

Not

*Not the rough whirlwind that deforms  
 Adria's black gulph, and vexes it with storms,  
 The stubborn virtue of his soul can move ;  
 Nor the red arm of angry Jove,  
 That flings the thunder from the sky,  
 And gives it rage to roar, and strength to fly.  
 Should the whole frame of Nature round him break,  
 In ruin and confusion hurl'd,  
 He unconcern'd would bear the mighty crack,  
 And stand secure amidst a falling world.*

HOR.

Mr. Ogilvie, a young officer bound to Minorca, came down to the hold about nine that morning, and found me writing this Narrative. He discovered much humanity to me in promises of protection, heard my tale with apparent emotion, and ordered the allowance of the hulk to be served out to us. We still adhering to our messes, received a quantity of biscuit, butter and cheese ; but just as the small beer was going to be distributed, the serjeant-major from the barracks, with a party of soldiers, came on board, required our immediate attendance on the deck, divided us into parties, and conducted us to Gillingham Fort, and from thence to our old apartments, in the old guard, till another vessel could be procured for our re-embarkation.

We remained in the barracks three days, during which time nothing happened worth recording. On Saturday, the 19th of June, 1779, twenty-nine of us were carried on board the Pomona, a small vessel belonging to Captain Ruthersford. The seventy additional attending us, made our number ninety-nine. This ship was more commodious than the Naomi. The rest of the men were put on board other vessels on the river, the same day.

On the evening we sailed down the river, and the tide leaving us, the sailors cast anchor about two miles below Gillingham. The evening was fine, and I could, with some pleasure, view the beautiful rural scenes on both sides of the river. With the more eagerness I gazed, as I thought the last prospect of my departing country offered itself, like the sun setting in the west,

well, with superior glory, to make the greater impression on the mind of the spectator.

*Who can refrain to shed the tender tear,  
For Albion's Rocks anon shall disappear?*

I lay down in my birth, and through the gang-way, took a view of the æthèrial sky; but the motion of the ship made the stars appear unsteady in their orbits. I amused myself a-while in beholding the unclouded Heavens, and strove to call the planets by their names, until sleep overtook me, and soothed my imagination.

When I awoke next morning, I found we had passed by Sheerness. Our vessel steered round the Cantian Hills, when we beheld the pleasant fishing villages on the coast. On the evening we got round to be opposite Deal, where the mariners cast anchor, waiting for a convoy to guard us to Portsmouth. I remained too ill all that day, being Sunday, to make any particular observations.

Several smugglers came on board the next morning, of whom the officers purchased several casks of gin. They were too exorbitant in their price for the captives to come at their liquor; but many of us trucked with them for bread, cheese, &c. in lieu of check, spirits, shoes, and trowsers.

Here, at once, we could view the cliffs of Britain, and the mountains of France. At the town, which lay before us, Julius Cæsar, the conqueror of the world, landed—but not without opposition of the ancient Britons, whose sacred liberty was invaded.

On Wednesday, our convoy coming up, we proceeded on the voyage. The other vessels, which contained the rest of the impressed men, passed us. The chalky coasts of Kent appeared to flee from us with much velocity. About noon we came within sight of Dover Castle, and the high cliffs of Albion, so finely described by Shakespeare in the following lines:—



*How fearful*

*And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low !  
 The crows and choughs, that wing the mid-way air,  
 Shew scarce so gross as beetles. Half way down  
 Hangs one that gathers samphire ; dreadful trade !  
 Me thinks he seems no bigger than his head.  
 The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,  
 Appear like mice ; and yon tall anchoring bark,  
 Diminish'd to her cock ; her cock a buoy,  
 Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge,  
 That on the incumber'd idle pebbles chafes,  
 Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more,  
 Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight  
 Tumble down headlong.*

We were at too great a distance from the town for me to make any particular remarks on its situation, extent or beauty. It soon disappeared, and we sailed round the coast of Sussex. Our convoy, and a cutter the same afternoon, pursued a vessel at a considerable distance from us, towards the coast of France. They overtook her in about an hour and a half, when she proved (as we afterwards learned) to be a Dutch merchantman. Our officers, apprehensive that the enemy was about to pay us a visit, prepared for a proper reception ; but the poor captives, to a man, prayed, that they might fall into any hands but those whose oppression was unparalled by the most tyrannical states in Europe.

The wind blowed with redoubled violence all the night, and was so contrary, that we were driven out to sea, when we lost sight of our convoy. We sailed round the Isle of Wight, instead of getting into Spithead, the place of our destination, and at four o'clock, P. M. on Friday, we got safe into Weymouth Harbour.

26 JU 57

END of PART I.

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T H E

Unfortunate Caledonian

in England.

P A R T II.

THE winds and waves seemed to militate against the captivity of the impressed men on board the Pomona. Amidst the furious tempest, he who rules the raging of the sea, steered our course with unerring skill, and brought us to the haven of Weymouth. He who once blowed with his winds, and scattered the proud enemy, when they bellowed forth revenge against our renowned progenitors, dissipated all my fears, and inspired me with the pleasing hope of being restored to my country, and my adored ELIZA.

This was on the seventh day of our voyage, and the sixth of my sickness. I had, in that time, been furnished with but little matter of speculation. Days of deep distress are but ill suited to study. The works of nature, in sickness,

M

lose

lose all their glory, and no more delight the imagination. The marine scenes, indeed, presented every thing that a mind fond of novelty could desire ; but all their beauty was erased during the tedious hours of melancholy.

Mr. *Chisholm*, one of the officers, seemed in the same predicament ; but Mr. *Ogilvie*, and Capt. *Rutherford*, the master of the vessel, displayed great humanity to me. They slipped no opportunity of endearing themselves to the whole crew, by their affability and generosity. A plain indication, this, of a noble and great disposition of soul. Thus it was the ancient heroes secured the confidence of their soldiers, and rendered success almost certain in the day of battle. This gentle behaviour is as much superior to that asperity conspicuous in little minds, as things pleasing are to those which disgust, or as the mild reign of the zephyrs to the blasts of winter.

We remained in the harbour, about half a league from the town, which gives title to the Earl of Weymouth. It appears to be a large sea-port, and most commodiously situated for navigation. The harbour is capacious, and large enough to contain a formidable fleet. The rising hills that surround the town, have a most pleasing effect to a spectator from the sea—but from these verdant hills, I thought, still more delightful would appear the boisterous ocean. Ah ! rather would I have attended the sheep on the Dorsetshire mountains, than wait on a Cæsar—a Hannibal—a Keppel, or a Palliser, on the tempestuous element.

*Upon yon verdant hills to stray,  
Where joy awaits each rising day,  
O could I spend each rolling year,  
If my ELIZA was but there.*

*W.*



*We would the greenest pastures chuse,  
And ev'ry morn devote the muse ;  
The Nymphs on ev'ry blissful plain,  
Would own the charms, the tuneful train.*

The ocean, having long laved the coast, has discovered the bowels of the everlasting hills,\* and pointed to the sons of art their valuable treasures. The isle a little removed from the British coast, by some sudden inundation perhaps, in the elementary system, is pregnant with fresh materials, fit to raise future and superb edifices. From the prolific womb of Portland's rocky mount, arose some of the most eminent piles of modern grandeur. Several of the vestiges of antiquity owe their origin to this lofty quarry. St. Paul's Cathedral and the three comely surprizing Bridges of the Metropolis, arose from this huge rock—still unimpaired by the labour of ages. Here the curious artificer finds ample employ for his chissel, and all the implements of masonry. Here are exercised all the mechanic powers, and the sculptor finds blocks fit to shape like gods, monarchs, and heroes, famed in ancient fable, or celebrated in modern history. The swelling dome, the lofty pyramid, the stately tower, the royal palace, and the solemn temple, are monuments raised to display the riches of the cavern, and to prove to the world, that nature and art are equally propitious to Britain.

M 2

Remaining

\* Dr. Burnet, in his Theory of the Earth, maintains that the hills, rocks, isles, &c. were formed by the destruction of the old world, when the globe was broken to pieces, and the waters issued from the abyfs ; had he recollected certain passages of that scripture to which he adheres, he would have given up that notion. Did not the great supreme, in the beginning, *weigh the mountains in scales, and the hills in a ballance* ? Do we not read of the mountains and hills being brought forth ?—of the everlasting hills ?

Remaining in the harbour, on Sunday morning, the two young officers went on shore, and before their return, a signal was made from the convoy, for sailing. Captain Rutherford appeared unwilling to leave his two intimate friends, and awhile waited with the utmost impatience. Our convoy, on making a second signal, spread her sails, and got out of the harbour before we could weigh anchor, during which suspense the tide was lost, and we could not proceed. The officers came on board about noon, when the convoy was almost out of sight, making for the needles.\*

Two soldiers, who acted as servants in the cabin, had attended the officers on shore, and whilst their masters regaled themselves in a tavern, they became quite intoxicated in an ale-house. It was with some difficulty they could be found out, and when they were discovered, they were unable to walk to the beach. When they came along-side of the *Pomona*, they were obliged to be hauled up by the tackle of the ship. Several of the impressed men had given them money to purchase for them bread, cheese, and such necessaries, the provision on board being short, and not very good; but the military fellows, instead of going to market on the Sabbath-day, spent it in drinking. In their cups they much abused the officers, who ordered them to be put in irons, and to be punished severely for their wantonness and dishonesty.

All that afternoon our vessel made but little way, as the tide was turned. The next morning we got within view of the new forest in Hampshire. We overtook the convoy on the evening, when the tide again being against us, the sailors dropped anchor within a few leagues of the isle.

On the Tuesday morning, I took a survey of the beautiful landscape. By the side of this wide-spread forest, stands a lofty spire, a noted land-mark to mariners. It was in this  
extensive

\* The passage between the Isle of Wight, and the Coast of Hampshire.

extensive wood, one of our ancient kings lost his life by a random dart. Here spontaneously arise the lofty oaks, which yield a safe retreat to the royal foresters, and furnish a spacious choir for the feathery folks, who delight the nymphs and swains by their notes, all natural, and when mingled with rational praise, may attract the notice of superior intelligences!

Behold the lofty towering trees, uncounted in that tract. Their knotty adamantine trunks anon will prove the safety of the island. Oft, O venerable forest, hast thou sent forth thy progeny, to rear the lofty pile, to bend the sublime dome, to cover the magnificent hall, and render it a fit reception for kings at their coronation, for peers on a solemn assize, and the learned judges on the benches, in the distribution of impartial justice to a free-people. Long, very long, may'st thou flourish, O revered wood, and still bestow thy bounty on Britons, who will swell thy iron trunks to floating bulwarks on the ocean, and to vessels of commerce, which shall surround the globe itself.

I was proceeding in this pleasing speculation, when a clamorous affray began on the deck among several of the disorderly youths; a battle ensued, and one of the combatants fell overboard. He was a full quarter of an hour under water before he could be taken up. But little hopes of recovery was left, when one of the officers ordered the men to have recourse to the methods prescribed by the Humane Society, and in about an hour he was quite restored. This was one of the salutary effects of that God-like institution, which was set on foot by *Dr. Hawes*, and *Dr. Cogan*, in 1774, and reflects the highest honour on this nation.

We approached nearer and nearer to the isle of Wight. The rocks became more and more familiar, and overlooked us as we advanced. Farther removed from the shore, the country rises in a variety of hills and vales, diversified by lawns and bowers, brakes and meadows, all on a declivity.

A sailor



A sailor was dispatched to Yarmouth, a neat little sea-port in the isle, to procure a pilot to guide the vessel through the needles, the narrow passage on the north of the island. On our entrance into the needles, several romantic, sharpened rocks projected themselves into the ocean, on our right, or starboard side. These rocks formerly, no doubt, composed part of the cliffs on the extreme point of the isle; but the rolling tide, at last has attained, what it for ages industriously attempted. In a few more years, those huge natural monuments of the sea, may be totally obliterated, and no longer prove a burthen to their basis, hidden beneath the surge.

Perhaps the whole isle was once connected with the land of Hampshire, to which it is still united in point of jurisdiction. Did some sudden inundation invite the waves to bend their course along this tract, and in time, by laving both the coasts, spread wider and wider? Or did the ocean choose that direction, when the mighty waters first were moved by the great *primum mobile*, when the hills were formed, and the boundaries of kingdoms and continents fixed by an irrevocable decree?

The cliffs of the isle, as we proceeded on our voyage, disclosed their variegated colours. Those around the point were of a dead white, and looked like the remains of an antique grotesque stately edifice; now they appeared like the vestiges of some solemn temple, composed of veined marble. To a fertile imagination, a noble subject offered itself, to display the luxuriant touches of the pencil. All the colours of the rainbow appeared from the sea to the summit of the rock. Such a diversity of shades and figures hardly ever was delineated on the painted dome, or interwoven in the looms of the Persian artists!

*Fine*

*Fine Tap'stry, for Indian monarchs made,  
Where colours glow, and shade seems lost in shade,  
Is faint compar'd to Wight's surrounding hills,  
Lav'd by the tide, and dy'd by falling rills:  
Nor Paul's nor Hampton's domes\* can dyes compare,  
With these fair cliffs; for God was limner there!*

As we sailed round, the sea was calm, and appeared as clear as crystal. The gentle breezes a little swelled the sails of our vessel, and easily glided us along, as if to bestow a more leisure prospect of the fertile island, now growing wider and wider to our view, and disclosing more and more of its beauty as we advanced.

Many rural cots are scattered on the hills, and plenty of the golden grain is ripening on the delightful fields. On the mountains the bleating flocks and the lowing herds enjoy their verdant pasture. The birds, on our approach seem less solicitous to remain in the grove, than is usual for those melodious songsters. Behold they bend their ærial flight to the extremity of the cliffs, to cheer the captives by their lays, as they are glided along the silver sea. Had it been night, the bird, whose very name is music, would have deigned to soothe us by her plaintive strains.

From the ravishing scene which this fertile island presented, I cast my eyes to the opposite shore, and beheld the castle of Huske. At first I thought it stood on a little island, but getting farther round, the isthmus appeared, that geographically denominates the scite a peninsula.

This castle is small, but built in the antique mode, composed of towers and turrets within its circular walls. One of the officers (*Mr. Ogilvie*) seeing me survey the pile, very obligingly

\* The painted dome of St. Paul's cathedral, now much faded, and the celebrated strokes of the pencil at Hampton Court, the latter of which I only know by description.

obligingly informed me that it was a commodious fort, and having minutely examined it himself, he believed it was equally strong and beautiful. Besides the governor's house, there is an inn, or sutling-house, for the soldiers of the garrison.

A little farther on stands the town of Southampton, which gives denomination to the county. It is a pretty large borough, pleasantly situated, and a place of some trade. It is surrounded by many rural villages, and seats of gentlemen. The town often invites some of the first personages in the kingdom to pass the summer; and a more delightful landscape, has hardly been drawn by nature itself than this prospect presented to our sight.

I surveyed Yarmouth in the island, as we passed, and just as I was observing the pleasant seat of a gentleman in its vicinity, I espied a boat speedily rowing towards our vessel. The men seemed too impetuous to come on an amicable errand. They soon reached the side of the Pomona, and with uncommon rashness, six of them ascended to the deck. They turned out to be a press-gang, belonging to a tender, off the isle. The lieutenant who attended the men, behaved with much audacity, and ordered his gang to ransack every corner of the ship. They seized on several of the sailors, and insisted on taking them away to their tender. The fellows appeared almost as horrible as the inmates of the *Security* on the Medway, whom I mentioned on a former occasion; and being inflamed with *insolence* and *geneva*, they were notoriously impudent, and called for more liquor,

Captain Rutherford behaved with much moderation, acquainting them that he was employed in the service of government, and outward bound; so that he could spare none of his hands. The impressed men voluntarily offered to go with them, declaring, if they would not accept of them, they should not take one sailor from the captain.

The insolent lieutenant and his savage gang became outrageous; the soldiers were up in arms, and all the impressed men  
rushed



rushed violently on them. The lieutenant was thrown overboard, but being an expert swimmer, he reached his boat. They were all cast into the sea, and emerging from the waves, got into their boat, and rowed away with the utmost impetuosity.

As we passed by the tender, towards night, a signal was made for our officers to go on board. They immediately went, and the matter was settled to the satisfaction of both parties.

We lay at anchor all the night, and the next morning, June 30th, we proceeded on our voyage to Spithead. The day was uncommonly pleasant, and the country, on both sides of the needles, had a fine aspect from the sea. Before noon we arrived at the place of our destination. The officers went on shore to Portsmouth, to receive farther orders relative to the crew on board the Pomona, and the other vessels, which had arrived several days before us, not having been drove out by the tempest. The sailors cast anchor about the distance of two miles from Gosport, and nearly the same from the east corner of the Isle of Wight.

It is unnecessary for me here to attempt a description of this sea-port town, the camp, and the country around Spithead. So many observations have already been made, that none from me will appear original; and none but such as are original, do I design to present to my readers.

The hospital of Gosport appears to be a very large building, and at this distance, somewhat resembles the Foundling Hospital of London. If it appears so superb and grand from this great distance, how great must it seem to a spectator, who beholds its several parts, and the beautiful composition of the whole? Gosport has an appearance truly nautical. The tall masts arise instead of spires and towers; and the ships in the river which divides this town from Portsmouth, appear like an extended forest. A considerable number of

N

ships

ships of war remain still in the harbour. I understood that the grand fleet had sailed about a fortnight before our arrival. Around the coast I could discover the camp of several regiments of militia, the rumour of an intended invasion gaining ground about that time.

We had good fresh provision whilst in the harbour ; several boats came daily from the Isle of Wight with other necessities, so that our situation was less to be deplored ; though it must be owned that the bouncing dames who came alongside of us, (and who, by the bye, were no handsomer than the nymphs of Billingsgate, nor better bred than those damsels who sell the finny ware in the streets of London) were rather a little immoderate in their demands.

My Readers, I suppose, before this, have wondered that I have not blended my narrative with a little more of amorous intrigue, especially as I profess myself a steady lover. I own I deserve reprehension, as nymphs and swains may compose no small part of my readers. I have therefore formed a resolve of letting nothing slip, that may any way prove conducive to so desirable an end. Now I can no longer pursue the chaste haunts of the village lovers, nor depict the gallantries of the populous towns. No more we sing the loves of Pluto and Proserpine, but of the loves of a *jolly sailor*, and *black-ey'd Jane*, (one of the nymphs who came with us from Chatham) I will sing.

It is only necessary to apprise my Readers, that the sailor was my countryman, and the *fair one* a damsel of *Billingsgate*, the language therefore, though *natural*, is not the *most elegant and refined* in the English.

### *A Marine Opera.*

*Sailor.* Cannie lassie, *wul you gae wi'* me to the head of the gang-way after we have cast anchor ?

*Jane.* Yes, Sir, if you will give me a glass of that nice liquor you have in your birth.

*Sailor.*

*Sailor.* Aye, aye, bonny lassie, gang down to my birth, and you shall have a dram of good *aquæ vitæ*. I sadly want to speak to you, my bonny lassie.

*Jane.* I will attend you any where, so as you do not cast me over-board. Ah, you are one of the fly ones.

*Sailor.* Do you *ken* what the *awld sang* says, in my country? —I will tell you.

*The minister's an honest man,  
A canny man,  
But if he meets a bonny lass,  
He'll kiss as weel as ony man.*

*Jane.* Aye, aye, you fly folks are like the still sow, that eats all the grains.

*Sailor.* Come, bonny lassie, all the lads are busie about the brae, let us be busy below.

*Jane.* Can you swear *as how* you love me?

*Sailor.* May I never reach across the bay of Biscay, if I *dinna* love you better than grog.

*Jane.* I tell you what, love is like a *haddock*, a *whiting*, or a *flounder*, which relish very well when *fresh*, but very badly when *stinking*: I have had as good offers as any lass that ever plied at Billingsgate. I was once carried off by a great citizen—but I did not like him.

*Sailor.* Smock and oakum! bonny lassie, gang then with me, I *ken* you like a sailor.

*Jane.* Ah, but you are going to Minorca, and I am going on shore to live with Captain ———.

*Sailor.* *Dinna* you like a sailor? When I return I shall have goud in *goupings* for you, bonny lassie.

*Said I, my lassie will you gang  
To the Highland hills the erse to learn?  
There thou shalt have both cow and ew,  
When thou com'st to the brig of earn.*

*Jane.*



32      *The Unfortunate Caledonian in England.*

*Jane.* If you are disposed to sing, I can give you as many songs as you can set your face to. I used to chaunt ballads in the streets of London.

*Sailor.* *Weel I wat bonny lass,* you possess every thing to be prized by a sailor. You and I shall get into port, and lie at anchor together. Come, let me hear you sing. Here I have got a song composed by one of the impressed lads—to the tune of Tweed-side.

*Jane sings,*

*O what joys from my Jeany arise,  
How soft her embraces on board?  
How her mouth spreads so wide in mine eyes;  
When she speaks I cannot say a word.  
Her fair face is as broad as the moon,  
Her eyes are a charming jet black.  
O may we then be marry'd soon,  
For she's sweeter than brandy or 'rack;*

*On board the Pomona with thee,  
I regardless of peace or of war,  
Will ne'er grudge the fatigues of the sea,  
If thou wilt but deign to smell tar.  
Could we but in one hammock saving,  
Or reclin'd on my chest in my birth;  
I more happy should be than a king,  
Or landsman abounding in mirth,*

*Now abroad with my Jeany i'll stray,  
And anon on her charms I will feed,  
And no more dread deform'd Biscay's bay,  
Whilst Jeany glides gently like Tweed.  
To each point of the compass I'll steer,  
To the East, to the West, North and South,  
Yet none shall I view can me cheer,  
Like the kisses of Jeany's wide mouth.*

*Sailor.*

*Sailor.* Weel done bonny lassie, you gar my very heart's tackle crack wi' your sweet song ; the sea itself seems calmed, and stands still to listen to our love-sick tales.

*Jane.* Give me a little drop from your bottle, but do not beguile me with that filthy painted glass, that your mess-mate fills to the men for two-pence.

*Sailor.* No, never fear—you shall have the whole bottle, and so drink by word of mouth, as the ducks do.—Come, go along, “Down the Burn Davy Love.”

*Jane.* Plague on it ; there comes the captain ; it is all over, I must go with him.

*Exit.*

Little matter was afforded me for speculation, during the time we lay at Spithead. A report prevailed one day, that we were to remain in that station for several months ; another day it was rumoured, that we were all to be dispatched to Minorca, without delay or further inspection. That was contradicted by a third report, which was well founded, that the Spaniards had blocked up Gibraltar, and therefore our voyage up the Mediterranean to Minorca, would be impracticable.

One of the young men who lay near my birth, appeared one evening in a very pensive mood, and much agitated at the thought of his situation. Sighs and heavy sobs, awhile prevented the articulation of his tongue, which had often given way to soliloquy, and often diverted me in the hours of retirement. I attempted to sooth his distress, by telling him that the recollection and recital of some former adventure of adverse fortune, and a due reflection on the great deliverance, from what was once deemed the great evil, had a fine effect to calm the raging of the passions, and generally was productive of consequences the most salutary, in administering comfort to the mind. He admitted the force of the observation, and proceeded to repeat the following adventure.

An

## An Adventure of a modern Bard.

“ ONE Day having met great disappointments from the mercenary booksellers of Paternoster-row, and being grossly affronted by my friends, I was drove almost to desperation. I had no more than a crown left in my pocket, and all my things were stopped by an imperious landlady for rent. I spent the whole day in fruitless researches among the trade for relief, and in the evening, went to a genteel public house in the neighbourhood of Bloomsbury-square, where I had spent many a convivial evening. These things took a retrograde course, and my old acquaintances looked rather shy upon me.

“ In the course of the evening, or rather the night, I was engaged in several warm debates, which only served to ruffle my temper, and raise that asperity which naturally reigns predominant in my temper. I stayed at that house however, as long as I could, and that was till about three the next morning. This was in the very centre of the summer. The morning was cool, the breezes were odoriferous, and I enjoyed the *hour of prime* in the long fields, behind the Duke of Bolton's house. On the strength of my drink, I reached a hay-cock near Pancras. There I sunk down, and enjoyed a slumber, amidst the new mowed hay, which then bestowed a pleasant smell.

“ I awoke about seven, when I discovered I had emptied my pocket of every piece, save three half-pence. I arose quite dismayed, and cast around my wondering eyes. At first, I could hardly recollect what had prompted me to that retirement. Indeed

“ The World was all before me, where to chuse

“ My Place of Rest, and Providence my Guide.

MILTON.

“ I



"I proceeded forward to Kentish town, and soon ascended the hill of Highgate. It was Saturday, and I thought a moderate ramble in the country, for that day, and to return the next, would be productive of no ill effects. The want of cash I but little considered, as my over night's fare still remained on my stomach. I slipped into a small chandler's shop, bought a pennyworth of cheese, and a roll, and so proceeded into the country on the north, and passed through Barnet.

"Hollo, Master!" exclaimed the driver of a post-chaise—"do not be in too great a hurry; call in here and rest yourself, I can give you a cast to St. Alban's: It shall not cost you more than eighteen pence, and a full pot, master."—I excused myself, by telling him, that I was tired with sitting, and only came out to stretch my legs. He damned me for a Presbyterian looking fellow; I passed on without farther interruption, and reached St. Alban's in the afternoon.

"I took a cursory survey of the antient gothic church, and the town, without speaking to any one of the inhabitants, who stared at me, and no doubt took me for an odd fellow. I proceeded on the left, and kept on till I came to the 27th mile stone on the road to Dunstable.

"Now came still Evening on, grey Twilight had

"Now, in her sober Livery, all Things clad."

MILTON in Rhyme.

"The sable shades advancing, warned me to retire from the falling dew. But to what *caravansary* could I betake my wearied limbs? I turned up from the high road in a foot path, which I supposed would lead to a village or farm-house. A little higher I found a few hay stacks, and a few cocks of new hay interspersed among them. I had eaten my roll and cheese in the morning, and drank of the purling brook in the way to quench my thirst, and for my supper I had recourse to a pure little fountain, which issued from the rising hill,

hill, more salubrious than all the nectar so famed in fable; more delightful, than the produce of the wine press, and far more wholesome than the juice of the still. I next fell to work, to make myself a commodious bed. I lay down, and having put off my coat, spread it over my breast and head, to secure me from the descending dews of heaven. The sky was clear, and not a cloud darkened the face of the nocturnal heavens, which displayed all that grand variety the ancient sages admired, and which the moderns have more fully investigated and explored.

"I dwelt awhile in gazing at the ætherial scenes, and received the highest sensation of delight. The spacious sky, like an opened volume, discloses the workmanship of the Great Supreme, who "stretched out the heavens like a curtain, and painted the clouds in such a variety of colours, "so diversified with shades and figures, which is not in the "power of the finest pencil to emulate."

"Before I tasted the balm of soft repose, I endeavoured to set to music the following beautiful hymn of Mr. Addison, in which I was joined, I thought, by the sweet bird that sings most delightfully in the darkling shades, to soothe the sequestered swains, and divert the weary traveller, amidst the tedious hours.

*"The glorious firmament on high,*

*"With all the blue ætherial sky,*

*"And spangl'd heavens, a shining frame,*

*"Their great original proclaim.*

*"The unwearied sun, from day to day,*

*"Does his Creator's power display;*

*"And publishes to ev'ry land,*

*"The work of an Almighty hand.*

*"Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail*

*"The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,*

*And*

*" And nightly to the list'ning earth  
" Repeats the story of her birth ;  
" Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
" And ev'ry planet in its turn,  
" Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
" And spread the truth from pole to pole.*

*" What though in solemn silence all  
" Move round the dark terrestrial ball ;  
" What though nor real voice, nor sound,  
" Amidst their radiant orbs be found,  
" In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
" And utter forth a glorious voice ;  
" For ever singing as they shine,  
" The hand that made us is divine."*

*" That night I enjoyed as soft a repose as ever I experienced in my life, and awaked about sun-rise. I heard the shrill sound of a village cock, just as I arose from my perfumed couch ; when, notwithstanding every precaution, I found my hair was wet with the dew of the night. I gained the main road, undiscovered by any of the country people, and walked forward to Dunstable.*

*" Having passed that town a few miles, I beheld on a direction post " To Northampton" written ; but I inclined to the left hand road, and in the course of that day (Sunday) passed through Stoney Stratford, and several other little towns, without communicating my case to any one creature. The day was delightful, and moderately warm. I enjoyed the pleasure of the country without participating of its produce, except what was wasted on the gales. A number of people stared at me, but offered no consolation ; I was in possession of a keen appetite, but no one gave me to eat, and to beg I was ashamed.*

*" All that day I acted the part of the Spectator, and spake to no one on the road, till I came to the 66th mile-stone.*

O

Tired



Tired and quite spent for want of sustenance, I sat down on a verdant hillock, and surveyed the sun, which appeared uncommonly large, as setting beneath the western hills. I saw a decent looking young man crossing the road, and approaching me. He sat down a few yards from me, and accosted me with—"A good evening to you, good Sir, the weather is exceeding pleasant." I returned the usual compliment, coincided with him in his declaration, respecting the fineness of the day, and insensibly fell into conversation, on the subject of the glory of summer, and the ineffable delight it affords the rational mind.

"The youth had much the appearance of a quaker, seemed well read in the English classics, and was quite ravished with the works of Addison, Young, and particularly Hervey, whose meditations he quoted with the utmost accuracy, and apparent delight. His remarks were judicious, his thoughts were lofty, and in a word, discovered much solid sense, and shewed that he was acquainted with the world and men, as well as with books and the sciences.

"Charmed by the conversation of my new companion, I even forgot my poverty, and the cravings of my appetite, which awhile suspended its importunity. I had not opened my mouth for near two days to converse with mankind, and now my tongue enjoyed the opportunity of exercising its operation, and rejoiced at being restored to its function.

"After an introduction, in which I expatiated on the feelings of humanity, and the intricate mazes of Providence, in suffering seeming evil to befall the virtuous and the good in all ages, I could not, in a direct way, solicit his aid; but, repeating several short pertinent stories, I judged a person of his sense, would soon see the drift of them.

"But, alas! I had spent the small remains of my strength to no purpose. The young man remained unmoved at my tale, even when I had represented it without disguise, and returned no answer, but "My friend, I wish you may soon be relieved from all your trouble; the providence of the Almighty,

"mighty is sufficient; and so I wish you a good night." So saying, he left me to my own meditation, crossed over to his house, and I saw him no more.

"I shall leave you to make your remarks on a character so extraordinary, and go on with my tale, which is literally true, and told without the least colouring of disguise. The sun was set beneath the horizon, and the curtains of the night were beginning to stretch over the ætherial plains. Sometimes I thought to go forward to Worcestershire, and visit some friends at Hagley; but the length of the journey disheartened me in that pursuit. I formed a resolve to return to London, but was not inclined to take the same road. I was heartily tired of my travels; like the prodigal son in the gospel, I was in great want, and *would fain have eaten of the husks with the swine.*

"I enquired of a rustic the way to Northampton, which I found was about 16 miles from that spot across the country, and at the same distance from town.

"Whilst I was making my way over a field, a poor fellow, a traveller, had met a farmer at a stile, and entreating his kind interposition, as he had eaten nothing the whole day. I stopped short to hear the conversation, and observe its result. The farmer reminded him, that he belonged to some parish, to which, on such emergency, he ought to make application; adding, in an imperious tone,—“He that will not work, neither should he eat.” At that instant came a negro servant (belonging, as I understood, to a neighbouring gentleman) who interfered between the farmer and the mendicant. He wisely told the farmer, that whatever a man’s inclination might be, he could find no work on a Sunday; saying, “it is very hard that a man should perish in a christian country.” The humane Ethiopian put his hand into his pocket, and gave the man six-pence, and also undertook to get him a lodging in his master’s stable for that night. The beggar went on his way rejoicing, with the servant; the farmer muttered something that shewed his disapprobation of relieving beggars, and I bended my solitary way to Northampton.

“The prolonged twilight disclosed to me a variety of scenes, as I crossed the country. A number of young heifers, that fled into a copious meadow, stared at me, in a manner really astonishing, as I approached nearer, and brandishing my stick, they fled away and danced in strange vagaries; which, notwithstanding my disconsolate situation, not a little diverted me.

“Two handsome milk-maids had just filled their pails from the udders of some cows in an adjoining field, and were coming over the stile, attended by their rustic swains. Had they been alone, I believe I should have cast off my false delicacy, by soliciting a draught of that wholesome liquid.

“I passed on through a variety of fields and pleasant meadows, whilst several villas and rural retreats, arose to my view in the dim light of the evening; it was quite dark when I passed through a little town; the people had retired to rest, and I suffered not the pain of being gazed at, or exposed to the inhabitants.

“The dew of night began to shed its copious influence on my head. I withdrew, almost ready to perish and sink into the earth, to a farmer's yard, thinking I might as well die there as any where else. I crept under a kind of shade, and reclined myself on some straw. After much reflection on my deplorable case, I betook myself to sleep. A most frightful form appeared to my imagination. I awaked, and the hair of my head stood an end. I started from the retreat, and ran over several fields before I could recover my senses. I came into a wide path, and concluded I was in the right road to Northampton; but when day broke in the east, I found out my mistake, and that my direction was to a quite opposite point. Returning to the place where I had retired, I found several of the farmers stirring about, who set me right; and I gained the hill that overlooks Northampton, just as the sun made his glorious appearance.

“On viewing that spacious borough, I could not help reflecting on my indiscretion, that had so rendered me a forlorn  
useless



useless member of the community. Ah ! said I to myself, how much superior is the lot of the meanest mechanic, or the lowest plebeian, to me, thus friendless and distressed ! The various classes of artificers conspire to enhance the wealth and happiness of the whole industrious society ; and all partake of the blessings springing from their labour, whilst I remain an exile, denied the meanest necessities of human life. Perhaps in this extended prospect, there exists no one so wretched as myself ! Far removed from my friends, to whom can I look for aid in this hour of deep distress ? Lost to society, how shall I be restored ?

“ About six o’clock in the morning, I arrived at Northampton, when I took a slight solitary survey of that populous pleasant town. As I passed along the streets, a thought struck me : It came with such force that I cherished it. Have I not often employed my pen for the editors of newspapers in the metropolis ? In this town a weekly chronicle is published ; why may I not meet a favourable reception from its printer, could I draw him up a few articles of amusement and intelligence ? Something from that might arise to alleviate my sorrow, and relieve my want. Though the publishers of the London papers are devoid of generosity, yet this Rustic Politician may possess some gratitude for a literary favour, and be prompted, by the feelings of humanity, to relieve a forlorn author—an unfortunate correspondent.

“ I walked through the town, and retired to a field on the north. Having pens, ink and paper, I sat down, as I often had done near London, to write something new. But just as I was about to spread my ideas upon paper, a heavy shower obliged me to lay aside my implements of writing. I sat still, however, though gazed at by many, as they passed along the high road, from which I had not far removed. Though I could not keep on writing, I remained studious till the rain ceased. Then I drew up several prosaic speculations, and poetical pieces of entertainment on popular topics, with a short address to the editor, declaring the reason of giving him the trouble

trouble of perusing my performance ; without supplicating his interference any more than its merit deserved.

“ I enclosed my field production, returned to the town, begged a wafer at a shop, and found the printer, who lived in the central square of the town. With some courage I knocked at the door of the office ; when out came a young man, whom I found was a compositor. To him I presented my little packet, telling him I would wait at the door for an answer. He said he would deliver it to his master. I remained some time in the utmost suspense, as much depended on the due reception of my pieces, which were too trivial to be recited here.

“ It was near half an hour before the young printer returned. I saw he brought not back the papers, and before I could speak, he desired me to walk into the parlour.

“ I had not been under a roof, nor tasted a morsel for above forty-five hours, and I believe I cut as awkward a figure as did Samuel Gulliver when he returned from the *Houyhnhnms*. I was conducted into the parlour, when the master beckoned me to walk into his counting-house, or study, where he appeared to transact business. Ordering his man to withdraw, he desired me to be seated. He next filled out a glass of wine, and drank to my better success ; and bidding me take a crust of bread from a loaf on the table, he filled me out a bumper. With gratitude I received, with joy I drank it, and found a kind of instantaneous inspiration arise ; whilst my spirits revived, my soul returned—and hope sprang in to my aid.

“ My good friend” said the printer, slipping a guinea into my hand—“ take this, and get yourself some refreshment. I am engaged, else I would ask you to breakfast. I like your performance, and desire your future correspondence.”

“ I felt too much on my mind to return a suitable answer ; but gratitude was impressed on my heart in characters indelible, and I dare say he beheld it in my countenance, when I retired

retired in profound silence. I withdrew to an inn, received farther refreshment, and remembered my misery no more.

"I set out for London in high spirits, rejoicing in the goodness of the great provider, whose bounty extends, in a degree, to all his creatures, and who rejoices to render them happy, who confide in his mercy.

*"When all thy mercies, O my God,*

*"My rising soul surveys ;*

*"Transported with the view I'm lost*

*"In wonder, love, and praise :*

*"O how shall words with equal warmth,*

*"The gratitude declare,*

*"That glows within my ravish'd heart,*

*"But thou can'st read it there !*

ADDISON.

"I reached Wooburn in Bedfordshire on the afternoon, where I met with a sailor, who said he had been impressed in London, carried on board the *Conquestadore*, and afterwards made his escape from Spithead. I commiserated his case, and gave him a crown to help him on his journey to Worcester.

"The next day I came into the road to Dunstable, dined there, and passed through St. Alban's in the afternoon. But notwithstanding my hilarity, I found my feet fail me, and I became unable to proceed on my journey. I could see no stage or returned chaise to give me a cast ; and should have halted at a village, had not a waggoner offered to carry me safe to London in his slow moving machine.

"I was really much fatigued, and the more readily accepted the invitation. It was quite dark long before we reached Barnet Common. We passed through a turnpike, where I was weighed in the *ballance* with the waggon, but *was not found wanting* ; for the man declared his load to surpass the standard.

I slipped



I slipped out and *lightened* the carriage—and resuming my place, we proceeded on in our slow motion.

“I enjoyed but little repose as we passed over the common, and through Barnet. About day-break I was awaked by the stopping of the waggon, and heard the noise of people talking to the driver. Their voice was unsonorous, and their language betrayed their base design. I was quickly accosted by two young fellows on foot, who loudly swore, they would blow me to the Devil, if I did not immediately surrender my money. I durst not hesitate, and so was obliged to give up what remained of the guinea, which the humane printer of Northampton had given me in lieu of my little speculations.

“The waggoner was robbed of his ready cash ; and when he came to Highgate, gave the alarm to several inn-keepers, and the villains were pursued without effect. As we came down the hill towards Holloway, the driver desired me to alight, take his whip, and conduct his waggon. This I did ; but, I suppose, I cut a strange figure, as I never had been used to horses, and could not speak to them in a language which they understood. They soon knew they had a novice to deal with, and did just as they pleased. I attempted a whistle, and imitated, as well as possible, the manner of the carmen of London, by crying “Hoi !—hither hoi ! whoo ! jee whoo !” but all in vain ; the cattle stood stock still, and there my whipping and driving ended. The waggoner seemed to forget his late disaster, and laughed immoderately at my ungain manner, and was obliged to resume his authority.

“At Islington I parted from my master, after having drank together at the public house opposite Highbury-place, where he had credit. It was then about four o’clock, and much too early for me to make my appearance in town. I withdrew to a brickfield near Sir George Whitmore’s mad-house at Hoxton, and having but ill rested in the uneasy vehicle, I lay down on some clean straw, and fell fast asleep.

“ I saw

"I was in the midst of a pleasant dream, when I was awaked by several people, who surrounded me. I looked up, and saw no less than seven very ill looking fellows with bludgeons in their hands. Gentlemen, said I, you have come rather too late, for I was robbed of every penny this morning beyond Highgate.

"Never mind, my lad," replies one of the fellows, "if you have no money or goods, we will take your body. You are a fine young rake-helly fellow, fit to serve the king; and as we have taken you in a brick-field, you can have no good character. You must go along with us to the watch-house, except you choose to enter as a volunteer."

"I remonstrated in vain, and was dragged away to Shore-ditch watch-house, where I found seven more, crammed up in the nastiest contracted dungeon I ever had seen or conceived.

"The morning was now considerably advanced; I knew I had no time to lose, and as there was just light enough transmitted through the bars, I set about writing to a friend, a brother author, to apprise him of my misfortune, and implore his assistance. I wrote another to my bookseller, of the same import, desiring him to bring with him a poem which I had lately written, as a proof, that I had a visible way of obtaining my bread.

"Several boys were diverting themselves in peeping through the grates; to one of which I applied to carry my letters, promising a reward on his return. In the mean while I was obliged to amuse myself by taking a survey of the beautiful steeple and spire of the church from that dismal dungeon.

"The boy returned, just in time, with a copy of my poem; but the bookseller having declined coming, I was in the utmost distress of mind. My pain was somewhat relieved on the entrance of my friend, into the outer court of the watch house; and when he looked through the adamantine bars, I shed abundance of tears, and felt a mixture of joy and grief not to be expressed.

"I was taken before Justice W——, and the other commissioners of the land tax. The deformed ill looking catch-poles attended, and told the gentleman, that I was caught in a brick-field. "A brick-field! O that will do!" exclaimed the justice—"You must be a vagrant at least, if not worse."

"Sir, said I, some of the greatest characters the world ever knew, were taken from a brick-field. "Do you mean to affront me in my office, you rascal?" vociferated the justice, "send him to the Savoy."

"Gentlemen"—replied my friend, "I have known the young man many years, during which his character never was impeached. He did not, I dare say, mean to asperse the name of your worship, as he alluded to the tribes of Israel, which were obliged to make bricks without straw in Egypt.\* Here, Gentlemen, is a poem which he lately wrote; and I can assure you, that he eats not the bread of idleness. I can bring people of the highest repute to speak in his behalf. I have often thought that he is a little *crack-brained* at times, as he will sit all the day, in the open field, writing for the booksellers of the row, who by the by, are not the best rewarders of genuine merit."

"My friend ended, and I was discharged by the consent of all but his worship. I went home, and to my unspeakable joy, found all my affairs regularly settled; and a handsome sum left in the hands of a friend, from Mr. Garrick. Would to heaven things had remained in that situation; but an accident happened soon after, which proved the ground work of all my present distress, and brought me to this dreadful predicament. Yet I trust I shall yet be delivered by an all-wise providence who directs all the affairs and events of the universe."

The

\* The Justice was bred a bricklayer's labourer originally, and was a bricklayer when he received his commission.



The young bard closed his narrative and added several consolatory thoughts, which gave ease to his rankled mind, and cooled my perturbed heart amidst so many scenes of woe. I retired that night to soft repose, and arose early the next morning, to commit the above story to writing. I have only to add, that the youth a few days after, was relieved from captivity by the interposition of his friends, who had procured a *habeas corpus* from Earl Mansfield for his enlargement. I rejoiced in his happiness, but could not help regretting the loss of so agreeable a companion.

On the third of July, we were all called upon deck, in order to receive new trowsers, shirts, &c. in lieu of those we had left on board the Naomi, on Chatham river. A deserter, a poor idiot, whom I mentioned on account of his voracious appetite in the Savoy, happening to be stark naked in bed, was called up among the rest. The poor fellow had every rag torn off his back the day before, and the tattered remains of his shirt were, the same day, converted into a pudding-bag by the cook, and that was the reason he was obliged to betake himself to his birth.

With the utmost unconcern he went up, and walked along the deck, as little ashamed as was the first man, before he fell from innocence. Among the masts and cordage of the ship, he stalked, with as much complacency as our general mother once did amidst her plants, shrubs, and flowers in the Garden of Eden. The whole crew enjoyed the scene; the captain, officers, mates and mariners, laughed most immoderately at the strange phenomenon: But when, at the command of the captain, he began his songs and whistling, the greatest cynic could not have restrained his risibility.

Francis Orton, the idiot, performed many of his natural tricks on the quarter-deck, before he could get his new clothes. It appeared, that the back of this poor innocent had been much cut by flagellation, to the great dishonour of human nature, and of some unfeeling officer, whom, if I knew, I would endeavour to brand with eternally infamy.

Surely he disgraces the character of a soldier ! In his breast there was no humanity ; In his sable soul there was no compassion.

Francis was a well-shaped likely man, about twenty-six years of age, and very tall. He possessed an athletic constitution, had a fair complexion, but a dull look. His eyes emitted a kind of gum, which adhered to their sockets. His hair was of a light colour, kept quite short. His limbs were straight, and on the whole, his bodily deportment seemed capable of improvement, and his attitude might be rendered more graceful under a regular discipline ; but his mental faculties had received such a stamp from nature's seal, that no art can remove or amend. I have been thus prolix in the description of this poor man, as he is a piece of nature's unhappy composition ; and because I was more delighted by his natural antics, and singing, than with all the diversions of tumbling on the stage, or the music of the Italian Eunuchs.

On board the Pomona the most prudent cautions were taken to prevent the calamity of sickness. We had good fresh provision twice a week, whilst at Spithead. Those deemed infectious were removed to an hospital, and a quantity of vinegar was every week allowed each mess to sprinkle the several births.

Many of the impressed men were of an indolent disposition, and there they amply indulged it. For my own part, I generally arose before the sun, and enjoyed the sweet hour of prime, on the deck unmolested. It was uncommonly pleasant to behold the illustrious lord of day, bursting from his chamber in the east, and beginning his course to cheer the nations. He rises, with larger dimensions, in my eyes, than when I viewed him from the fields. The liquid plain, transparent as chrystal, reflects his rising glory ; and a new sun and a downward sky appear by day, like the white cloud which guided the tribes through the wilderness ; as by night the expanded concave in the heavens and waters unite, to display

display new suns, new moons, new worlds uncounted. If the valleys, the hills, and the eternal mountains disappear, or are but dimly seen, behold a more noble *folio* of nature's volume is spread, to disclose such wonders as are unknown to the inhabitants of fenced, high walled, populous cities.

Our officers had orders to sail for Portsmouth, on the afternoon of the thirteenth of July. The sailors dropped anchor at St. Helen's, where we remained that night. The next morning we turned the point of the beautiful island, not passing through the needles. We had a fine prospect of its south side, and of its chalky cliffs, which discover its kindred to Britain.

We left the isle in the afternoon, and again came opposite the hills of Hampshire. At a great distance we passed Weymouth and Portland, and next morning lost sight of land. In a few hours we discovered the distant mountains of Devonshire, which produce a most agreeable variety. We came nearer shore in the afternoon, when I could clearly see the wild rocks that overlook the ocean. Between two lofty hills, a fertile valley bends its course through the country. In the midst runs a river, on whose margin stands a rural village, the embattlements of which are of Nature's own contrivance, and surpass the power of imitation. The grottos and gardens on the hill side, are surprizingly grand, and appear more noble and sublime than what I have conceived of the hanging gardens of Babylon.

As we sailed on, the meadows sloped to the sea, the better to discover their beauty to the swift passing mariners. The hills rise above hills till they disappear. Others approach to invite us to their richest fruits. How charming must be the prospect, from the Devonian hills, of the ocean, to the rustic swains, who behold the ships of the merchants returning from a far country, laden with the luxuries of the East and West! But how awful the tremendous scene of war and bloodshed,



bloodshed, when they count the floating bulwarks, and are alarmed by their thunder over the wild waves !

Whilst I was writing the above lines, the noise of an engagement between an English frigate and a French man of war, alarmed our crew. Some ran to the tops of the masts to espy the action. The firing continued a considerable time, before the Frenchman struck, and we were at too great a distance to make any observations on what passed. The conqueror carried his prize into Torbay, and arrived in that harbour about the time when we passed.

Just as the sun set, we got within sight of Plymouth. We passed by a huge rock in the sea, which affords a most magnificent scene, being all the production of nature, without the least touch (a light-house excepted) of the effeminate hand of art. A lieutenant of marines came up to us in a boat, hailed us, asked the name of the ship, and then fired a gun. We reached the harbour, and night coming on, the sailors dropped anchor nearly opposite the pleasant seat of Lord Edgcombe.

His Lordship's seat is on the side of a hill, which commands a prospect of Plymouth, and the county of Cornwall, for many miles ; he has a fine park adorned with groves and bowers, and a large wilderness. The house, at a distance, seems handsome, and has a wide avenue leading to Drake's island near the town. It is situated on the extremity of Cornwall, and naturally raises in the mind of a stranger, a superb idea of that country.

Strength, and the greatest beauty unite around the extensive coast. On the right, the hills appear like a luxuriant table, covered with the rareties of summer. The sloping fields are replenished with the golden grain, which seems to invite the reaper to put in his sanguine sickle—for *the harvest of the earth is ripe*. On the other side, on a hill, level in the summit with the other, I saw legions of the sons of war, preparing to defend their country, and training up for the day of battle.

The

The convoy found it impracticable to proceed on the voyage to Minorca, as war was commenced against the Spaniards, who had blocked up the Mediterranean, and were besieging Gibraltar. We should all have been lodged in the barracks of Plymouth, but those of the impressed men, who had arrived before us, having behaved badly, we were not to be trusted on shore.

We lay in the harbour of Drake's island, till Sunday, July 18, when our vessels moved round to the Hamoaze, opposite the dock. As we went round, we could perceive the islands and dock-yards lined with people, eager to see our approach towards the shore. That part of the dock, which fell under our observation, seemed more magnificent than the part of Plymouth from whence we steered. Many large ships were repairing, some new ones were constructing; and though it was the sabbath day, labour and merriment met no restraint, all appeared jovial, and acted as if they were celebrating some carnival, or sacrificing to some Bacchanalian deity.

All the impressed men were taken from on board the *Pomona*, the next morning, in several boats, and conveyed to the guard ship, called the *Temeraire*, which supplied the place of the Blenheim, whilst repairing in dock.

All the captives remonstrated with the officers, before their departure, on the non-payment of their money. Fair promises were bestowed; we packed up our things, and submitted to their dread decree.

We ascended the side of the huge hulk, and reached the quarter deck, which was cleared for our reception, till our names were called over, and other matters settled. When we went down to the main deck, a scene which passes all description, appeared to my view. The place was crowded with a company various as the colours of the rainbow. Jackets red, blue, white, and of every colour, mingled in the motley group. More disorder never appeared in a mob or bear-garden. It seemed to be a great market, where all sorts and conditions of men were promiscuously assembled.—

*Light*

*Light wantonness and mirth,  
A shew of mummary, without a meaning.*

ROWE.

In one corner hung a large quantity of beef, which made it resemble the shambles of a great butcher. In another were hogs feeding in sties, and preparing (like many of the crew on board) for the day of slaughter. In another place the matrons of Plymouth were washing away, up to the elbows in suds, or drying their chequered linen on the forecastle—waving to the gales, and serving as sails to the superannuated hulk, which, like themselves, had lost its rigging.

When we embarked on board the *Temeraire*, there were about 800 men in the hulk; and the same day 150 more were added to the number. At first I obtained a tolerable birth on the main deck, near the door of the cabin; was less crowded than most of my companions, and had a favorable opportunity of continuing my lucubrations; but was soon packed below deck.

I never saw any thing on land, that could equal the bustle of that day. At Billingsgate there subsists abundantly more decorum. It resembled most the dread confusion of a fire in London, which I had seen, or the assembly of a set of blackguards at a bruising-match.

The middle deck, to which I had to descend, exhibited a scene new and curious. There were chandlery shops, and gin stalls; some were employed in singing, others were sleeping, or buying, selling, washing, dancing, eating, drinking, and making merry. I mixed in this heterogeneous assembly, and strove to enjoy the naval scene, to me quite novel, when down came one of the boatswain's mates—*whistling as he came for want of thought*.—"What are you all about here?—Rise  
"Jupiter—and snuff the moon;—all hands aloft!—up!  
"up! up!—and be ——— to you!—My eyes, Betty Martin, who have we got here?—skulkers?—invalids!—O—  
"you have a sore leg, have you? Then hop along, you rascal!"—With this, and such marine jargon, the slave in  
authority



authority exerted his insolence of office, over the poor men, who durst not resent his fury. He struck, without mercy those who were not very nimble, for no other end than to satisfy his own wanton ferocity.

Let others celebrate the bravery of the English sailors, but I will not palliate the matter. The souls of such wretches are as calous as the horse's hoof. The savages of the desert are not more cruel, nor the wildest beasts more destitute of kindness to their prey:

Come, ye learned declamers in favour of the dignity of human nature; ye who describe man but a little lower than the angels; come on board the *Temeraire*, off Plymouth-dock, and behold a crew of mortals, ignorant as the *Hottentots*, deformed as the *Yahoos* described by Swift. Religion here is not known; seriousness is laughed at, and morality not to be met with: Property here is a nuisance; happiest is he who has least; for what he holds, is possessed on a precarious tenure. The crew in general is composed of sharpers, thieves, bullies, cowards, pimps, and villains of every species under heaven!

Whilst I was transmitting these thoughts to writing, the cat-call of the boatswain's mates again grated my ear. Every man was ordered to take up his hammock, and all his things to the poop of the vessel. Several of the sick had their hammocks cut down by the brutish fellows; and a poor woman, the wife of a sailor, newly delivered of a child, was dropped down to the deck with such violence, that she soon after died. It was deemed an accident, and the rascal that cut her bed down, was scarcely reprov'd.

When all our bundles were piled up in a heap, it put me in mind of the mountain of miseries, described by Mr. Addison, in the eighth volume of the *Spectator*. I was fearful lest I should not find out mine again, and I am sure I would not have exchanged it for all the rest together. This manœuvre was performed, as I afterwards understood, to make every man expert, when such a thing should become needful;

Q

as,

as, during an action, the quarter deck, &c. are usually ordered to be fenced round with the beds of the marines and sailors, to repel the shot of the enemy.

But here was no regularity observed; but all was confusion and wild uproar. The word of command was given for every man to take off his hammock. The whole ship's crew, to the number of a full thousand, ran impetuously up to the quarter deck, and from thence to the poop. The most alert first gained the place, and tumbled about the bundles, in quest of either his own, or a better. I was far from being inactive, but I had not been practised in such horrid scrambling. I lost my bundle, which contained every thing I had on board, a few manuscript sheets excepted, which I carried in a side waistcoat pocket.

A hammock, however, fell to my lot; and with it I descended, giving the alarm of my loss. I went down to the chandlery shops in the middle deck, and apprized the traders in clothes, &c. of my misfortune. Just as I was speaking, a person came forward with a bundle of written books, which he offered to sell for waste paper; but by the assistance of several of my friends, I had him seized and carried up to the cabin, where he was examined by Capt. Hartwell, who ordered the things to be produced. He was tried by a court martial, convicted on the clearest evidence, and ordered to be put in irons, and punished; but as I presented a humble petition to the captain in his favour, he was set at liberty. My bundle, containing about ten volumes, breeches, trowsers, stockings, &c. was restored, and the fellow had his own returned, which contained a pack of cards, a draught-board, with all the men. He was the more excusable, as he could neither read nor write.

Perpetually harassed by the brutish mates, I found my life quite intolerable. To prevent my mind from being distracted by their ferocity, I sent the following note to one of the Lieutenants:

Worthy

“ Worthy Sir,

“ As my former Days were spent in acquiring Knowledge, and as my Genius prompts me to Study, I most ardently implore your kind Interposition in freeing me from the Dominion of the Boatswain’s Mates, who ill-naturedly disturb me from Time to Time, when there is nothing to do. I have heard much of your Humanity, and I consider you as a Gentleman, and a Scholar.

I am,

Yours, &c.

ATTICUS.”

I was immediately sent for into the cabin, where sat Lieutenant Trian, several other principal officers, and their ladies at tea. The lieutenant asked me what I was, and how I came to be in such a situation? I told him I was the son of a gentleman of moderate fortune in the South of Scotland, and was going to be united to an ancient family, by marrying the only daughter of a neighbouring gentleman. That I was basely and forcibly conveyed from my native land, put on board a vessel at Newcastle, and carried to London; where indeed I obtained my liberty to return to Scotland, by the humanity of captain Tate, who heard my tale and commiserated my affliction.

I next proceeded to relate my misfortune, in being robbed on Finchley-Common, and afterwards taken up, through mistake, as a murderer and robber, lodged in a goal, where I suffered all the hardships of captivity.

I mentioned the cause of my being impressed, related the several adventures on board the *Nightingale*, what I suffered in the Savoy, the barracks of Chatham, on board the several ships, up to the present hour, assuring the gentlemen that I had committed the whole to writing, which I was ready to produce.



The company, especially the ladies, heard me with great attention. The lieutenant assured me he would do all in his power to procure my liberty in a few weeks. In the meanwhile I might expect his protection. He desired I would lend him my MSS. saying they would be perfectly safe in his possession.

Though I was loth to deliver up my books to the lieutenant, as I had written too freely on several subjects during my stay on board, yet I knew it would not be prudent to hesitate. I assured him I was most sensibly happy in having it in my power in any measure to contribute to his amusement.

He ordered a negro-servant to go with me to my birth, to help me to bring all my things to a little room which he pointed out, saying, "There shall be your study during your residence at the *Temeraire University*."

I carried my MSS. into the cabin; the ladies and Gentlemen all surrounded me; the lieutenant took up the last sheet I had written of my private journal, and having pointed out the following lines, ordered me to read them aloud to the company.

I told him they were too incorrect for a public audience, and, I believed, they would be deemed too acrimonious and severe, not to meet the censure of the Gentlemen. The lieutenant swore he would not be offended, nor none should be affronted, whatever satire they might convey. On which I was obliged to proceed as follows:

*Hail ! hail ! thou floating Tophet, haunt of fiends  
Incarnate ; sable as the shades of night !  
Horrors unheard in thee perpetual reign ;  
Nor hell beneath can match thy barb'rous sons ;  
Nor savages beneath the burning zone,  
Who 'gainst humanity remain at war,  
And steal the infant suckling from the breast ;  
And laughing shut their ears 'gainst human cries.*

*Traders*

*Traders in human souls on Afric's shore,  
No more we shudder at your horrid deeds;  
No more recount your acts, that shame the sun!  
As looking downright on the scorched plain,  
He hides his glorious face beneath a cloud,  
Till the vile Felons rob him of his sons.—  
No more of cannibals, whose sanguine teeth  
Devour the image of the great Supreme!  
Of ancient Druids sing no more, ye bards,  
No more recount their human sacrifice;  
Cæsar, the famed Cæsar, them eras'd  
From hell's black pages, and their names expung'd  
From nature's book!—O for a Cæsar now,  
Gen'rous, to form a race of warlike Britons,  
Endow'd with noble souls, and feeling hearts!  
For now a race of savage, impious fiends,  
Usurp the Throne of reason and cool thought.*

*Look round the dungeons, view the sable gloom,  
Where deepest woe and melancholy dwell,  
And savage cruelty her iron wand  
Extends, amidst the captive race farlorn:  
Can Pandæmonium's pit produce such monsters,  
As can these regions? Fiends torment not fiends  
In hell; but here they seem in human form,  
And pour their fury on the tribes of men!*

*Look round the gloomy military goals,  
Behold the damp, inhospitable cell,  
Where once the Gallic monarch was confin'd\*:  
What furious inmates reign, and pour their rage  
On the sad captive slaves! See Chatham's den,  
For soldiers not in arms—but fixed in chains!  
Can Freedom boast achievments great from such,  
Who to enslave her sons try ev'ry art?  
But what are all those sable acts of fraud,  
Encourag'd by a K——l and a L——e.  
Hibernian ——s who with ceared souls,  
Are deaf to all the cries of human woes;  
What are they when compar'd to savages  
On board the swimming hell of Temeraire?*

*Yet*

\* John, king of France, was taken prisoner by Edward III. and his valiant young son, at the memorable battle of Cressy, brought in triumph through the city, and afterwards lodged in the Savoy; but he had not such a mercenary as Captain J—— over him.

Yet murmur not, my soul, tho' thus forlorn;  
 Anon may rise the unexpected morn,  
 The hand divine, that guided all my youth,  
 And led me through the balmy paths of truth,  
 Shall all its future guardian care engage,  
 And stem the torrent of man's furious rage.  
 On the almighty word I'll firmly trust;  
 And heaven will prove as merciful as just.  
 He, who before has sav'd me from each ill,  
 Will, by his friendly aid, support me still;  
 Restore my fair ELIZA to my arms,  
 And make me happy 'midst her peerless charms!

It was well that the reading of the above lines was left to myself, for I was obliged to pass over the most obnoxious expressions, being unwilling to hazard too much on the generosity of my auditors. They pronounced them *rather free, but striking*; on the whole, I met more applause than merit entitled me to.

"Well, come"—said the Lieutenant, "go to your study, and write me a few lines immediately on this young lady"—pointing to a most beautiful nymph of Devonshire—"Let them be to the tune of *Cupid, God of soft Persuasion*, in Love in a Village.—I shall allow you but half an hour, as the lady must go on shore." The time was short, but I could not refuse to comply with the command of an officer, whose friendship, I thought, might be of infinite consequence.

I retired to my new birth, and found it commodiously fitted up, with a chair, table, bed, &c. and whilst I was musing, the Ethiopian servant brought me in a basin of tea, toast and butter, and a glass of rum. I had scarcely enjoyed such a repast since I left Scotland. I prepared the song, and presented it within the time; which I cannot withhold from my readers.

*An*



*An Original Song,  
Written Extempore,  
Addressed to an amiable young Lady of Devonshire,  
On board the Temeraire, in Plymouth-Sound,  
JULY 25, 1779.*

**M**AIA, *Virgin of the bowers,  
Glory of the rolling year,  
Thy fragrant breath perfumes the flowers,  
Now thy wounded captive cheer :  
Thou love inspiring,  
Bosom firing,  
Goddes deck'd in joy appear.*

*Or shall I sit an exile mourning,  
Or wander to a distant shore ?  
O fix the hour of my returning  
To my love—I ask no more :  
When war is over,  
Then your lover  
Shall arrive with India's Store:*

*Now Autumn's train and love invite us,  
To the margin of the sea,  
To talk of love, till heav'n unite us,  
When the nations all agree ;  
With ev'ry blessing,  
Joys encreasing,  
All anon shall bend to thee.*

*Soon may the Blenheim's swiftest motion  
Bend dreadless o'er the pathless main,  
To meet the foe on yonder ocean,  
Where sons of Freedom hold their reign :  
Amidst my duty,  
On thy beauty,  
Still I'll tune my plaintive strain.*

One of the officers, who happened to be my countryman, advised me to draw up a petition to the secretary at war, representing my case in terms the most pathetic and rational ; I followed his advice ; it was signed by many of the officers. At the same time I sent a letter to Earl Mansfield in London, acquainting his Lordship with the situation of the impressed men, in consequence of the coercive act of parliament ; the unheard of acts of cruelty and fraud, practised by the officers of the Savoy, Chatham-Barracks, and the guardships. I depicted to his Lordship all my sufferings, from the day I was dragged from my native country, to the date of my letter, and concluded in the following words :

“ Were your lordship to behold the harsh usage the impressed men forego before the commissioners of the land-tax, and the barbarities practised in the horrible gloom of the Savoy prison ; were you to see them chained together like so many felons, and cast into the nauseous lime-barge that carries them to Gravesend, and view them as a parcel of slaves in the procession to Chatham ; should your Lordship be a witness of some of the horrors attending those regions of military insolence ; and, above all, were you to descend to Plymouth, and pass a few moments on board the *Temeraire* hulk ; your Lordship would be struck with the deepest surprise, your generous soul would revolt at the prospect, and feel too much pain for humanity to suffer.

“ Your Lordship well knows, that men thus enslaved can be but of little utility to a free state. You know there is a stubbornness in human nature, never to be erased or overcome. Much good from soldiers in chains can never be expected. It is known well, that they are sold by the mercenaries of justice, and sent from their friends and families, to see them no more ; only to gratify the mean ambition of trading magistrates, who deal in human souls.

I know your lordship possesses the fine feelings of humanity, and, that the goodness of your heart is as evident as your exalted genius. Your liberal turn will naturally determine  
your

your lordship to weigh the matter with candour, and exert your powerful influence, in a case so truly alarming to the nation, and inimical to the liberty of the subject. At your fiat, justice shall extend her scale; at the nod of your lordship, the barbarous savages shall cease to execute their inhuman deeds, and at your command the fraudulent officers of the S——y, C——m, and the Guard-ships, shall be forced to restore the property of the injured captive, unfortunate men, who have no one to plead their cause.

“Great as your genius and character, soon may the exertion of your power prove. A small *iota*, dropped from the fine pen of your lordship, or a single sentence falling from your eloquent tongue, will effect the salutary purpose, and merit and obtain the praise of myriads, as well as the hearty prayer of

your Lordship's

most Obedient and most

Devoted Humble Servant,

ATTICUS”

*Plymouth Sound,  
on board the Temeraire,  
July 28th, 1779.*

I had drawn up a petition, signed by the officers, and several other gentlemen who interested themselves in my favour, when an order came from Sir David Lindsey, the governor of Plymouth, for the removal of the impressed men, belonging to the War-Office, to the transport-ships which conveyed them from Chatham.

Accordingly, on Sunday, the 1st of August, the *Ceres*, a small vessel, came along-side of the *Temeraire*, and 69 of us were put on board. I was obliged to pack up my manuscripts and other things, leave my new agreeable situation, and despair of meeting that glorious deliverance which had just disclosed itself at an inconsiderable distance, as I fondly imagined.

I found this to be an incommodious vessel. So many of us, with a party of the Royal Scots guarding us, crammed the ship, and rendered it unwholesome. The provision was bad, scanty, and partially served by a mercenary fellow, who



knew several of the worst of our party, and had been concerned with two of them, who were tried for burglaries at the Old-Bailey. The beef was salt, and rusty, and the butter and cheese were not fit for hogs. The smallness of the quantity was the best property of the provision; and I verily believe, had I not been supplied by the bumb-boats from Plymouth, with a little fresh provision, which I was enabled to purchase by several little presents of money I received from the officers and ladies of the *Temeraire*, I should not have been enabled to outlive that awful captivity.

On the 4th of August, a conspiracy was formed, by many of the impressed men, to make their escape, which they could not carry into execution till the evening of the 8th, when a party of the Devonshire militia was set on guard. There were only three soldiers on deck, the rest being lodged below the hatches. I was apprized of the design, and prepared to assist the most desperate of the fellows; my soul glowed at the thoughts of freedom. The bells on board the guard ships, struck 8 times, which denoted the hour of midnight. *All is well*, was echoed from vessel to vessel—when we—on a signal being given—rushed on the deck. The three centinels, not knowing our design, said nothing, as it was customary for a few to go up at a time for other purposes. For about ten minutes none of the insurgents had resolution enough to attack the soldiers. At length, what had long been in embryo, came to a crisis; one of the impressed men thus addressed the soldiers:

“Gentlemen, you will easily perceive what we are aiming at. It is to regain our liberty. Now we are used worse than slaves, starved and without pay, and perhaps more trouble may await us if we remain under the military yoke. Be quiet, we mean to do you no injury; but must have your fire-arms delivered up, to secure our escape.”

So saying, they seized the loaded guns, in which were bayonets fixed. The soldiers squalled out, in a voice not very imitative of warriors, and the noise alarmed captain Barker, the

the master of the vessel, who fired a piece from the window of the cabin. The *Blenheim*, which had lately come out of dock, the *Hercules*, and the *Temeraire*, were alarmed, and dispatched their long-boats to our vessel.

By this time the impressed men had seized almost all the guns on board; the soldiers below were as quiet as mice. The captives reigned on the deck, and ordered the boatmen to keep off, else they would fire upon them.

Whilst several of us stood on the deck, parlying with the people of the guard-ships, some ran down to their births affrighted, and eight got into a small boat which hung by the side of the ship, cut the tackle which suspended it, and rowed off the moment I was going to jump from the ship. No entreaties could induce them to return, to take us in who remained on deck; they made off for shore on the Cornish side; five of them effectually made their escape; but three were taken the next day, near St. Germans, by the officious constables, and returned on board the *Ceres*.

The midshipman, &c. came on board, ordered a stronger guard to attend us; at the same time, assuring us, that we should all have the liberty of going on board the grand fleet, in a few days, and be under the command of Sir Charles Hardy. But several of the stoutest of them took care to prevent their going to that station; for the same morning they cut off their fingers and thumbs, and swore when they came to be examined, that the soldiers had chopped them off with a hatchet, at the time of the affray.

On the morning of the sixteenth of August, a general alarm was given to the guardships, and all the people of Plymouth, the dock, &c. An invasion was dreaded, and the town was but ill prepared for a proper reception of the enemy. The combined fleets of France and Spain, it was thought, were about landing on the coast, in the absence of the grand fleet.

The report of the afternoon, from Edgcombe, was that the enemy was within seven leagues of the sound, and nearer

the coast at the point where they were observed to be in, Every town and village was up in arms, and poured forth their inhabitants to oppose the enemy. The peasantry surrounded the shore with their instruments of agriculture, like the ancient Britons on the landing of Julius Cæsar. The labourers and artificers abandoned the dock-yard, and left the ships of war on the stocks, to guard those that were already launched. The women and children trembled for fear, and many of the rich shop-keepers packed up their money and goods, and removed to a greater distance from the sea. All was terror and dismay; and the whole terminated in the loss of the *Ardent*, a 64 gun ship of war, which was carried by the enemy into a port of France.

But what to the captives was such an alarm? Could they be greater slaves in a foreign land than in their own? They had long bore the rod of oppression in a country which boasts of freedom, nor could they dread a severer captivity. Could laws more inimical to liberty be enacted by the consent of a French Parliament? Do the subjects of Louis, doomed to be soldiers, march in chains from prison to prison? Are the gally slaves used with less humanity, than impressed men on board the guard-ships?

*Confin'd within the floating goal,  
To heav'n I'll waft my piteous tale,  
And have recourse to fervent pray'r—  
My God can all my troubles share.  
The Lord, who rules the earth and sky,  
Beholds my anguish, hears each sigh;  
On him I rest my troubled soul,  
Amidst the thunders as they roll;  
And while his judgments are abroad,  
My faith will soothe an angry God.*

*Tho' far is fled the olive wand,  
And liberty has left the land;*



*Tho' now combine the sons of guile,  
To swallow up the favour'd isle,  
Yet God, who rules the raging sea,  
Whilst he fulfils his fix'd decree,  
With love beholds the chosen race;  
For them he has reserv'd his grace.*

*Within his hand the hearts of kings  
Are held, and tyrants down he brings,  
The monarch's fury all is vain;—  
Be glad—Jehovah still shall reign.  
He still will glorious make our land,  
His goodness still surround our strand:  
Freedom and justice he'll restore,  
When furious kings shall rule no more.  
Let freedom still the sceptre wield,  
Or in the cabin or the field.—  
To God how due the praise alone,  
Since mercy props his righteous throne!*

The whole night the approach of the enemy was dreaded—signals were given from ship to ship every half hour, and lights were put up on Edgecombe hill, and the whole surrounding shore. Next morning several men of war entered the sound, and fresh preparations were made to give the enemy a warm reception. Before noon, a warm cannonading was heard, and even the smোক could be discerned. The flags were hoisted on the hill, and the balls projected from Maker Tower. The suspension of those balls put me in mind of the battle between Hector and Achilles in Homer; of his weighing the fates of Turnus and Æneas in Virgil, and of the golden scales in Milton, when the Guardians of Paradise were attacked by Satan, when he was weighed in the balance, and found wanting.

The noise continued incessantly the whole afternoon. I observed great crowds of spectators on the summit of the hill, all eager, no doubt, to learn the fate of that important day.

At

At Plymouth and the surrounding villages, every one wore the face of confusion, amidst the wild laments of women and children. Every man beheld his life and property as held on a precarious tenure. Some ran to the hills and the cliffs of the rocks, to conceal their cash from the impending foes. The cattle were driven up the mountains, and no longer adorned our prospect; the militia encamped their legions on the verging deep, and every precaution was taken to repel the daring invaders.

Now the impressed men grew quite impatient of controul, and threatened a new eruption. They had proceeded to acts of violence, when I undertook to harrangue the ringleaders, and exhorted them to have recourse to gentle, rather than coercive measures. I drew up a letter, and dispatched it to Capt. Broderick Hartwell of the *Blenheim*, imploring his mediation with Sir David Lindsey in our Favour. I was compelled to add in a postscript, "The men have resolved, that unless they receive an agreeable return, they will remain no longer than five o'clock this evening in subjection.—This I write by compulsion."

An answer was immediately returned by a midshipman, who came along-side of the *Ceres*, and desired to speak with the writer of the letter to Capt. Hartwell. I appeared upon deck, when he told me that every thing would be settled to the satisfaction of the men, respecting their arrears and destination. Before he went away, he delivered to me the following letter:

"Sir,

"Be so good as to acquaint the men on board the *Ceres*,  
"who have sent petitions to me, as well as the rest of them,  
"that from the day I embarked with them, till this hour, I  
"have always wished to make their situation as easy to them  
"as I could, and have used every endeavour to have their  
"wishes of going on board a man of war granted them.  
"I have for that purpose several times spoken to the General,  
"who

“ who also wrote as often to the war-office, and has done  
“ all he could to obtain permission to indulge them. It is  
“ therefore not his fault or mine, if they are not yet settled as  
“ they like. I have likewise applied, more than once, to the  
“ Victualling-office, for them to be supplied with fresh pro-  
“ vision instead of salt, if not every day, at least three times a  
“ week : But they must have an order from government for  
“ that. You know that I have frequently sent to ask if they  
“ wanted necessaries, and that they should be supplied ; but it  
“ was not in my power to alter the regulation of the army, and  
“ they could not be settled with, and have their arrears till the  
“ 24th of this month, tho’ it will be done to-day or to-mor-  
“ row, and the ballance paid them.

“ When they were offered money, some of them refused,  
“ therefore it was impossible to make up so many different  
“ accounts. However, this they may be assured of, that in the  
“ course of ten days, they will be removed either on board of  
“ ships, or ashore. It was owing to their own bad conduct  
“ whilst in Barracks, that they were sent on board again ; and  
“ tho’ there are, as I hope, many good men amongst them, yet  
“ there are too many whose behaviour merits worse usage  
“ than he is willing to shew them. It was ordered by Lord  
“ Amherst to stop 3d. per day for their provisions whilst in  
“ the vessels, besides the arrears, which they have credit  
“ given them for : And I shall most assuredly punctually obey  
“ the orders I received.

Yours, &c.

RICHARD BOYCOTT,

*Major of the Regiment.*”

As I was reading the above letter to the men, one of the  
centinels leaned on his piece to hear me, when his foot slip-  
ping, he fell down, and the gun going off by accident, killed  
him on the spot. This again alarmed the guard-ships, as a  
general mutiny was dreaded ; and though the matter was ex-  
plained by a serjeant on board, yet we were guarded all  
that night, by a great number of boats, crammed with sol-  
diers, &c.

I went



118 *The Unfortunate Caledonian in England.*

I went down to my birth, and bemoaned my unhappy situation. What infinite cause have I for lamentation, and mourning, and woe ! How am I fallen to the lowest degree of misery ! Lately the scenes of Providence were all beautiful, and calm serenity pervaded my balmy hours. Plenty, with all its blessings, attended my board, and the smiles of my ELIZA ravished my enamoured soul ! Is the fair one lost to me for ever ? In this unsettled situation, no letter can possibly reach me, and it is probable, all I have sent her have been intercepted by her cruel father, who was the mover of all my woe. Now I remain an out-cast from society—an exile captive, doomed to the worst of slavery, amidst the most abominable miscreants, who disgrace our nature ! I thank thee, O thou supreme, that I am endowed with a mortal antipathy never to be erased—to slavery. By thy good aid I shall remain steady to my purpose, and rather not be at all, than be enthralled ! *O God, in thee have I trusted ! let me not date the day of my ruin from the twentieth of August, one thousand seven hundred and seventy nine.*

*I'll still look forward to thy hand,  
Upheld in my defence ;  
Thy first decree is thy command ;  
Thy goodness flows from hence :*

*Lord, do the sons of slav'ry lead  
Me o'er the war'ry way ?  
They but perform what thou decreed,  
Thy goodness to display.*

*Thou in thy hand the hearts of men  
Forever fast shalt bind,  
When like the sea they rage again,  
And furious as the wind.*

*Then 'tis thy holy arm made bare,  
Fulfills thy dread decree ;  
Thou bid'st me still fresh blessings share,  
Thou set'st the captive free :*

*M,*

*My soul thy mercies then shall know  
From my restorer sprung,  
And strains of gratitude still flow  
From my fresh touched tongue.*

*So Jacob's sons from thrall redeem'd,  
And freed from Pharoah's rod,  
Arose like men who lately dream'd,  
And tun'd their notes to God.*

*The chosen shepherd then proclaim'd  
The acts of the supreme:  
The great I AM his people nam'd,  
And gave to each a Theme.*

*The praises of the God of Grace  
Perfum'd each mirthful mouth,  
When back he brought his chosen race,  
Like rivers in the South,*

About eleven o'clock on the 20th of August, a day much to be remembered, those boats which surrounded us the preceding night, came alongside of the *Ceres* to take us all on shore. We landed on the point of Cornwall, under a rock, near the seat of Lord Edgecombe. Those who were on board the *Pomona*, were landed about the same time, and the rest were sent for from on board another vessel. We were surrounded by a large party of Scotch Highlanders. Our officers attended, and commanded us to sit down on the beach. They behaved with civility, assuring us that every thing would soon appear to our satisfaction.

As soon as the rest of the impressed men arrived, we were marched up to the top of the hill, where was encamped a battalion of the Royal Scotch, close by Maker Tower. We were drawn up within a narrow circle of Highlanders. Many of the country people gazed at us, and discovered but little concern at our misfortune.

S

We

We remained in suspense about three hours, whilst the officers were at head quarters. I still kept writing, though thus surrounded and stared at. I was inspired by a kind of gladness, before unknown in my state of captivity. I surveyed the ample landscape, where nature appears in her full grandeur. From the summit of Edgcombe hill, I beheld the towns, the villages, and superb seats, of the two counties, as far as the naked eye could reach. On the East, the town and dock of Plymouth arise to view; on the South the mighty ocean; on the West the Sound, the river Hamoaze, and the county of Cornwall; and on the North, the sublime mountains of Devonshire.

From Nature I am obliged to borrow much. Liberally is her hand extended over the fields, and the verdant hills around the coast. A more grand and delightful scene is not to be viewed in her whole expanded volume. But war, horrible war, has spread wide its domain, and depopulated the provinces. Those rustic swains, who directed the plough, and sowed the fertile fields, alas, are far away! Autumn, returned from the southern hemisphere, misses his youthful labourers, and is obliged to have his plenty gathered by the aged, the sorrowing fathers, the lamenting mothers, and the woeful damsels. Alas! ye rural seats of wonted joy, where is now your festivity?—where? O where! the mirthful youths, who brought home, with joy, the sheaves of the golden grain? No more the tuneful shepherds tend their flocks on the flowery hills, or wander on the cliffs of the rocks which overlook the swelling surge. Your weeping fires, your saddened wives, your orphan babes, beheld you dragged from the mountains! They saw you thrust upon the wide ocean, and cried in vain at your captivity.

In the populous towns, no more is heard the busy looms, or the noise and operation of the ingenious artizans—those who forge the implements of war excepted. Instead of the spears being turned into *plough-shares* and *pruning-hooks*, alas! these are turned into the *destructive weapons of death!*

When



When the officers had dined, we were all mustered up in ranks promiscuously. Our names were called over, without order, just as chance directed. Sixty-four were draughted to go to the Highland Regiment, encamped about a mile off, round the coast; and the same number remained in the camp of Royal Scots. The former commanded by Colonel McCloud, and the latter by General Sir David Lindsay. I, as an odd man, was left alone. The officers could not well decide my fate, and there was likely to be as warm a dispute, as that between the Devil and Michael the Arch-angel, about the body of Moses; when an officer came up, and produced my discharge from the war-office, in consequence of the humane application of the worthy officers late on board the *Temeraire*.

I was struck dumb at the joyful tidings, and could not even articulate my poor thanks to the welcome messenger. I was desired to attend the 64 of my fellow captives, without constraint, round to McCloud's camp, in order to have a settlement of arrears the next morning; which would enable me the better to return to my native country.

The colonel, when we entered the camp, ordered the impressed men to form a circle. His aid-de-camp read part of the articles of war; after which the colonel, with a drawn sword in his hand, addressed them to the following purport:

“ My lads, you are come here much against your inclinations, and it was not mine that you should have come; but  
“ as you are consigned over to my command, it is my duty to  
“ assure you, that you shall be used according to your behaviour. The act of the British parliament makes you soldiers without your own consent, and you are as much so, as  
“ if you were to take the oaths to his Majesty. In a few days,  
“ you will be incorporated in my regiment, and be treated as  
“ soldiers. Let any one, who shall presume to withdraw from  
“ this camp, dread the consequence. If he can make a clear  
“ and effectual escape, well and good; but be it known to  
“ you all, that I have people planted twenty miles round, to

“take up deserters; and should any of you run away, and be  
 “taken again, I will have him tried by a general court-mar-  
 “tial, in consequence he must receive sentence of death, and  
 “I will take care that he shall be hanged on *that tree*, for an  
 “example to others.—Behave well, or by — I will certainly  
 “fulfil my threatening. Those of you who choose to go on  
 “board a man of war, may go in a short time: But no Eng-  
 “lishman, no Briton, who loves his king and country, will  
 “dare to fly from his colours, at a time when the French are  
 “attempting to invade it.”

The men were then dispersed into the different companies, and I fully intended to have staid all night with my old companions in the camp.

I was not destitute of money, though I had not a coat to my back. I gave up all my things, except the books, which I carried in a bag up to a little hovel, where a soldier sold ale. One of the impressed men, with whom I was very intimate, accompanied me to this temporary suttling-house. We had several mugs of good liquor, and other refreshment, which soon operated on my brain, having not tasted any thing stronger than small beer for several months. My companion proposed to go with me to London, if I would immediately retire from the camp. They were not strictly watched, and only here and there a centinel stood at his post, round a kind of dyke; and the sea on the other side was a sufficient boundary of itself.

I agreed to his proposal, and, as soon as it was dark, we jumped over the dyke, undiscovered by the guards. The reader will readily suppose, that this was a very rash and foolish step; but the love of liberty reigned so predominant in my breast, that my impatience got the better of my prudence. I had gone too far to recede, and therefore determined to make the best of my way to London, in company with my friend, in order to dispose of my *History of the Unfortunate Caledonian in England*, to enable me to return decently to my country, to be blessed in the presence of my adorable ELIZA.

We

We got over several hedges, crossed many fields, and reached the side of a river, which extends about ten miles up Cornwall. We could not get a boat to cross over to the dock, and if we had, it would have been dangerous, as no person then was suffered to pass either by water or land, without undergoing a strict investigation.

We were therefore obliged to go round to St. German's, which place had proved fatal to this young man, on an occasion before mentioned. When the drink had a little subsided, he discovered great terror, and wanted to return, as he thought the gasconade of my country colonel a reality. I told him that impressed men were not punishable when re-taken, as he already knew by experience; and assured him of my assistance and protection on the road, without regarding the consequence, sincerely wishing all the captives had been at my back that moment.

We walked all the night, and reached St. Germans just at day-break. My companion pointed to the house, where he and two other fugitives were taken a few days before. We walked cautiously through the town; and about sun-rise, retired into a small copse, to rest our selves, and be secure from the voracious constables, and informers of these parts.

In this little retreat we continued all the day, amusing ourselves as well as we could. A farmer, and his men were at work in a field adjoining; we could see their operation, and hear their unpolished dialect, without being ourselves observed. My companion, a gardener by trade, cut a couple of stout hawthorn sticks, whilst I drew him up a discharge, as good as that I had received the over-night, from the officer on Edgecombe-hill.

However, I thought it most advisable, not to trust too much to either of our discharges. Mine, by this manœuvre, might be deemed null and void; and his, would by no means stand the test, should we by any accident be returned to the camp. We therefore remained in that reclusive place, till the going down



down of the sun, and then popped out, and went up to a village on the London road.

It was Saturday evening, and the rustics were enjoying themselves at the doors of several ale-houses. It was not quite dark, and our appearance was rather maritime. My waistcoat was black, and therefore the pitch which adhered to it, could not well be discovered. I had no jacket to cover the white sleeves of my shirt, which was the more conspicuous, as my body was clad in fable.

My companion still retained his red jacket, and though he had that day endeavoured to reduce it to my hue, but steeping it in the juice of black-berries, yet its colour was too apparent not to be thought military or naval.

I thought it would be unsafe to go into a public house, and therefore had recourse to a chandler's shop, to buy a little provision. But my companion would not pass through the village without drinking. We called for a mug of ale; it tasted well, and we had another, and eat some bread and cheese, apprehensive of no evil.

I gave the Landlord a shilling to give me change. He went out to a neighbour's house, on pretence of getting half-pence. He returned with the change, in about ten minutes, and brought a constable, and about thirty or forty rustics, into the bargain.

For my part, I felt the highest sensation of dread I ever had in the whole course of my life. My companion was obliged to answer the interrogatories of the insolent officer. His answers were far from being satisfactory, and indeed they were not consistent. On this I was about to pursue my journey, desiring my companion to follow me. "O you are not a-going"—cried the constable—"you must go along with me, gentlemen. I dare say, you have run away from your ship. Come walk into the house—(for we had been in the portico all the while) and let me know who and what you are." We were conducted into a hall, by the constable and the farmers. I was really quite unmanned. I thought we should certainly be  
taken

taken back to the camp, and there my conduct could not fail of meeting the severest reprehension. Yet what could we do, among so many savage peasants, not half a degree removed from barbarism? Even the landlady, who now made her appearance, encouraged them to take us to jail, in order to return us to whom we belonged, and receive the reward.

My companion, without hesitation, produced his discharge; but the misfortune was none present could read the writing. The clerk of the parish was sent for: and read it aloud, pronouncing it a good valid discharge as any in England. On the back was a description of my companion, which they all said exactly tallied with his person.

“Well, my young friend”—said Mr. Stenter, “but where is yours?” I produced my discharge, which was really a good one, but which he swore was not so well as the other. After much altercation, which chiefly continued through the officiousness of the woman, we were discharged, and suffered to go on our journey, after being directed to Tavistock, at the distance of 26 miles.

To that town we bent our course all that night; proceeding across the country over many a steep hill, in a trackless path, and directed by the moon and stars. We lay down towards morning, on a bank, near the seat of a gentleman, which we could only discover by the cry of the hounds, several of which were out in the wood. We gained an eminence, and plainly discovered, that we had yet made no great progress. We saw Mount Edgecombe across the water, which we knew by the signals given from the sound, and the camp. By the light of the moon, we beheld the guard ships on the Hamoaze; and indeed we were not above a mile and a half from Plymouth.

We gained the direct road to London, and saw the mile-stones, before it was light enough to read the directions, as the dawn was but beginning to approach. We walked briskly, and passed through Collington, long before it was time to disturb its inhabitants. It appeared to be a small antique mar-

ket town. We mistook our road about the middle of the town, and leaning too much to the left, could not regain it that day.

My companion was an excellent hand at robbing an orchard, with many of which Devonshire abounds. We filled our bags with the fruit, which served as a salutary repast, when we retired to rest in a thicket for the day.

We amused ourselves as well as we could; I took out my book, and set down what falls now under the reader's inspection.—We finished the remainder of our bread and cheese, and before it was quite dark, set forward for Tavistock.

Following the guidance of the stars, we went over a large common, and fell again into the post road. A huge tract of mountains appeared towards the sea, but the Reader can expect no description of the face of a country absorbed in the shades of night, which blot out the beauty of creation during their reign.

We entered Tavistock, just as the clock struck twelve. We pulled off our shoes—not because the place was *holy ground*—but, because we liked not to disturb the quiet inhabitants. The chimes played all the while we passed through, more out of compliment to us perhaps, than those who were sleeping in their beds. We found it a long town, its pavement rugged, but not a dog barked in the streets as we went forward. We kept the main road, and proceeded about 12 miles nearer London before we retreated.

We went into a field, and lay amidst some goss bushes, which had luxuriantly grown above the common standard of their kind. The meadow all over was covered with such weeds, and though apparently prolific in grass, was like the garden of Solomon's sluggard. Indeed the whole county on that side, is more beholden to nature, than art. Huge stones lie on the uncultivated common, perhaps unmoved since the flood. Some of those stones are of such large dimensions, that they would require the utmost exertion of all the mechanical powers to raise them to a more elevated situation. One I saw which much resembled the gable of a house in my country.

Here



Here mountain rises above mountain, and Nature seems to glory in her everlasting hills. Here the spontaneous works of nature are exhibited around the vallies, and the work of the Great Creator seems written with a bold hand. Art and industry are invited, to bring to maturity, and make more perfect, the operation of nature. Why should the natives of this isle explore distant regions, to cultivate the remote parts of the earth? Why carry the arts abroad to the new world, whilst they are so much wanted in the old? Were this country of Great Britain properly improved, millions might be added to its inhabitants; every man might sit under his own fig-tree, and cultivate his own Garden, and the whole land would appear *like a field which the Lord had blessed.*

On Monday the 23d of August, we ventured earlier from our retreat than usual. Indeed we were prompted by the impulse of appetite—and hunger, gentle Reader, is very hard to bear. We ventured to a sequestered farm-house, to solicit a draught of water, buy a little food, and gain farther direction to proceed on our journey.

On my entering the rural villa, the farmer's daughter, a good looking young woman, came out of the kitchen. I asked her for a little water, when she brought a couple of basons of milk, and desired us to walk in. A very aged man sat by the fire, who was inquisitive about our late situation. "I suppose (says he) you have come from Plymouth? I heard that the French had landed, and taken all our soldiers and sailors from the dock and the camp, and destroyed the whole country." I told him nothing of that kind had happened, and that his alarm was false. I requested him to sell us any kind of provision he had, as we were in distress. He ordered the young woman to cut us a good allowance of bread and cheese, but would, by no means, accept of payment.

As we ascended the hill that leads to Moretown, a person on horseback accosted us with "Gentlemen, I presume you are sea-faring men; if you are, you are in a very unsafe situation, for there is an impress gang at a public house, about a  
T " mile

"mile farther. They have got fire arms. I heard them say, that they were come from Edgecombe hill, to look out for about ten men who had run away from camp."

I thanked the Gentleman for his kind information, assuring him we had nothing to fear, having been both duly discharged; yet, as the times were perilous, much caution was needful. As soon as he rode out of sight, I advised my companion to attend me across the country, in a North-east direction, and so by leaving Exeter a long way to the right, travel homewards in a safer tract. We pursued our journey all the night, guided, as before, by the silver moon and stars.

We walked the next morning till eight, and then betook ourselves to a grove till the approach of evening. That afternoon we could get no food at any of the farm houses. The inhabitants behaved with the utmost rudeness, and seemed less cultivated than the wildest barbarians. Their language was unintelligible, but I could perceive they suspected us to be fugitives, and began to raise an alarm in the little village. A few young rustics gathered, but having good sticks, which we waved at them, determined them to lay aside the enterprize of taking us up.

My companion said he had formerly been at Tiverton, and knew all the road from that town to London. We learned from a traveller, that we were 16 miles from that place. We walked all night in an uneven, tractless country, up many a rough hill, and down many a dark valley. When we thought we had gained the town in the morning at day-break, we found ourselves in a wood. There we remained all the following day (Wednesday) without any other food than the produce of the orchards and berry-bushes.

Having eaten no bread for two days, we ventured out to a cottage, and offered to purchase some of a good woman. I assured her we were ready to satisfy her for any thing we had, should her humanity prompt her to set it before us. She gave us some bread, cheese, and cyder, but would take no money.

We

We learned that we were about twelve miles from Tiverton, and that the post road lay about a mile to the right hand.

We reached the town about midnight, passed through it with as much caution as possible, and saw nobody but a woman of the town, as she appeared to be, by asking us to go to her lodging; which *civil* offer we declined. We rested awhile that morning, and on Thursday reached Taunton, where I lost my companion. He slept a little before me, just as we entered the town; I mistook the road, and had gone about six miles towards Bristol, before I found my mistake. When I returned to Taunton, it was day-light. I ventured to ask the way to Salisbury of a watch-man; but could not overtake the young fellow.

I knew now I was perfectly safe, so I walked as much of the day as I could spare from rest. My appearance was against me in point of lodging, and the weather being warm, I found no inconvenience arising from sleeping under a hedge.

The country people about Ilminster, through which I passed on Friday, behaved with civility; but it being fair-time, several of the free sort asked me —“ How I came to pawn my coat?” In that town I refreshed myself with their fine ale, &c. and so that night reached Yeovil.

I surveyed that town early in the morning, before the people were up. Here are several very handsome buildings, but I know not their inhabitants. Two of those delightful dwellings are fit for the reception of princes, and superb enough for palaces. One, apparently new, is composed of polished stone, is a grand square building, and stands on a site that might raise the envy of a monarch. The whole town is well laid out in two handsome streets, and is said to be a place of great industry, frugality, and plenty.

A few miles farther on the road, I passed through Sherborne, a neat little market-town in Dorsetshire. I lay by part of the day, but towards evening made some progress on my journey, and just as the sun set, found I was a hundred and eight miles from London.



It was then a gentleman came galloping down the hill, and seeing my pitiable plight, stopped and asked me where I was going. I told him my case in a few words. In return he said—"Call at the Ship on the top of the hill, and mention my name, ask for what you like, and you will have it." I thanked him for his kindness, but had no design to trouble the people of that house, as I wanted not for money, and liked not to be too much exposed in my present garb.

When I came up to the Ship, I was going past the door, but it came into my head to call for a noggin of ale out of curiosity. The ale was supremely fine, so I had another. I then mentioned the circumstance of having met the gentleman on the road, who bade me get some refreshment at his cost: I said this to a very handsome young woman, the daughter of the inn-keeper, whom I paid for my ale, and then wished her a good night.

"Sir" (said the young lady, in a strain of true compassion) you appear to be in a very distressed situation, and it will be too late for you to reach Shaftsbury." Madam, I said, I have lately made the night joint labourer with the day, as Shakespeare has it. It makes no difference to me whether I set out in the evening, at midnight, or cock-crowing. I have lately been inured to hardships; and here is a bag, that contains a whole bundle of miseries, collected in several volumes.

Having explained myself, the lady desired me to return (for I had got to the outside) to partake of what the house afforded. I went into the tap-room, and was immediately surrounded by an old gentlewoman, the maid, several farmers, and my amiable young hostess, who all implored me to open my budget.

There, Madam, said I, producing my History in MS. is the tale of my sad misfortune! The young fair one took up one of my volumes, and read several passages with a propriety and sweetness which really at once amazed and charmed me. The maid seeing me astonished, whispered me in the ear, "Miss Nancy has a peculiar fondness for writing; she has wrote several poems, and can repeat Addison, Pope, Milton, Thomson,

“Thomson, and many other authors, with great ease. She has learned me to know almost as much as herself.”

Mercy on me! thought I, am I bewitched? Have I got into some enchanted country, among witches and fairies? Do I dream? What shall I do to awake myself? The lady kept on reading the poetical parts of my story, with an eloquence which would have honoured a Cicero.—Cicero, did I say?—She had the tongue of an Angel!

Recovering myself a little, I could see Miss Nancy melting into pity on reading several of the passages, and the circle of farmers, who by this time were come from the village, to crown the week with joy, seemed to participate of her grief. So true is the observation of the critic, that they who would *move* an audience, must be themselves *moved*.

The amiable young lady desired leave to copy several of the pieces of poetry, which the reader sees interspersed in my story. She ordered a cloth to be laid on the table, the roast beef, &c. were brought out, and I refreshed myself, whilst Miss Nancy retired to the parlour.

I dropped into conversation with several of the farmers, who were sensible, humane people. I told them the story of my being impressed in London, and repeated several of my adventures during the course of the summer. Miss Nancy sent her maid several times to apologize for her delay. At length some of the less cultivated rustics came in, who becoming quite noisy, I was desired to walk into the parlour, which I did, with all my imperfections about me. I was seated by her, almost naked as I was, when the young lady, in her turn, produced her manuscripts, besides some which were the production of a clerical gentleman, whom I understood by a hint that dropped during our conversation, paid his devotion to my truly lovely young hostess.

The pieces were chiefly poetical, and so well written, that I wish I could here present a specimen of them to my readers. By her earnest desire, I attempted to add a trifle to her collection,

lection, but my mind was too much perplexed, for me to write any thing worthy to be inserted in this place.

The father of the young lady came in, rather inebriated, but far from being displeased at the appearance of his guest. He ordered supper, and desired me to partake with him, which offer, as I had just been amply refreshed, I declined. He dropped asleep amidst the literary talk, having no taste for such things as delighted his learned daughter, and the disconsolate stranger.

Miss Nancy ordered her maid to bring me a good jacket, with sleeves, from her wardrobe, which she herself put on me, saying, "I wish I had a better at my disposal." I thanked her with all the courteous language I was master of, and promised to mention her goodness in my History, and to hold up her hospitality as a fair pattern of imitation.

Our conversation terminated not before two in the morning. The time was far from being tedious, as her presence might engage the warmest affection, and her melodious tongue charm the most insensible. I cannot say she did not engage my affection—but my dear ELIZA was uppermost in my heart; besides her adorable person, a whole assembled creation of beauties would fade in my sight, as do the diminished stars on the arrival of day.

My fair hostess asked me to stay the remainder of the night in the house. This I refused, and rather chose to lie down in the stable on some clean straw, where I should be more ready to pursue my journey when I got up. She slipped some silver into my hand, and with her maid, each having a lighted candle, conducted me to the stable, most wishfully imploring me to let her know how I sped in my travels, and of the reception I might meet on my arrival at home. I promised to do so, and wished her happy for life. When she had gone from the door, I could hear her exclaim to her maid, in the strain of real pity, "Poor unfortunate Youth! I hope the severity of his adverse fortune is near an end!"—"I hope so too, Miss Nancy," replied the maid.

I rose



I rose early, and walked through Shaftsbury, before many people were stirring about. Indeed now I was regardless whom I saw, my fair young landlady at the Ship on the Hill, having clad me in a decent habit, so that I looked not unlike a farmer.

At the bottom of the hill, just before I reached Salisbury Plain, I had a little refreshment at a decent public house, and about two o'clock arrived at that most spacious place, which commands a fine prospect of the country for many miles around. Those hills and vallies on my left appeared supremely delightful, fertile, and adorned with rivers, forests, and beautiful villages. I thought I should have come to Stonehenge, said to be the wonder of Wiltshire; but I found, when too late, that this amazing piece of antiquity, whether formed by nature or art, was on another road, at the distance of ten miles. I intended to have taken up my lodging amidst the huge stones of that druidical temple, but was obliged to lie down under one of the trees, which serve for marks of distinction in that capacious Plain.

On Monday the 29th of August, I passed through the city of Salisbury, and beheld its lofty spire. It is of an incredible height, (about 370 feet) built on the middle tower of an ancient Cathedral. The town stands in a valley, yet this spire is seen at an amazing distance round. The observations I made were so superficial, that they are not worthy of being transmitted to my reader. I have therefore struck out of my History all such extraneous matter as might be less entertaining.

I pursued my journey through Stockbridge, Basingstoke, a large forest in Hampshire, Egham in Surrey, Stains in Middlesex, and other places, and on the first of September arrived in London, after having very narrowly escaped being shot by a sportsman through a hedge near Hammersmith.

I strove in vain to find Capt. Tate, in whose vessel I was brought from Shields. I had but little money left, either to support me to Scotland, through the country, or to pay my passage by sea. On my near approach to London, I had abandoned the thought of parting from my Manuscripts, thinking

thinking they would prove matter of entertainment at home, and more forcibly disclose my sufferings, than a bare recital from memory. But as I could find no friend, I again resolved to try my success with the Booksellers.

I had heard, that Paternoster Row was the seat of the London muse, where merit received always an ample reward. In Cheapside, a person, who was connected in the line of publication, said he would purchase my MSS. if they were written on the *Calvinistical plan*. He looked them over, but assured me, that he could make no final agreement till he shewed it to his friend in the Row.

I told him my time was precious, and that I could not wait long for an answer. I called upon him the next day, when he told me the work would not do for any such money as I expected.

I went to Paternoster Row, and offered my work to several booksellers, who (as usual) had no cash to spare. I afterwards dropped into a decent public-house in the city, and called for the file of the *Public Ledger*, in which I saw the short narrative of my sufferings, as transmitted from Chatham barracks (see p. 47) and printed *verbatim* from my copy. In another paper, dated July 15, I read the following article of intelligence.

“ The young gentleman of Scotland, whose case was lately stated in a morning paper, has not yet been heard of.  
 “ He was to have been married to a young lady of fortune in the same country, but whose father discovering an aversion to the match, it was thought had privately dispatched him.  
 “ The marriage was to have been celebrated on New-year’s day, on the eve or morning of which he suddenly disappeared. The lady remains inconsolable, and her father died about a fortnight ago. On his death-bed he confessed, that he had basely hired two ruffians (whom he named) to send the youth abroad, and prevent his union in the family. The two fellows were taken before a magistrate, to whom they told the story of having carried the  
 “ young

“ young gentleman to Newcastle, from thence to Shields,  
“ and agreeable to their charge, had consigned him over  
“ to the care of Capt. Tate, who is not now to be  
“ found, having been taken by a French privateer.

“ The young gentleman’s narrative, written in Chatham  
“ Barracks, was pointed out to his father, who instantly re-  
“ paired to London, to the relief of his son. He arrived at  
“ Chatham a full week too late, and found that the destina-  
“ tion of his son, who had concealed his real name, was ra-  
“ ther uncertain, as some were gone on board the *Canada*,  
“ as marines, and others sent over to Minorca, as soldiers.  
“ We are sorry to acquaint our readers, that the gentleman  
“ after many fruitless enquiries, at the public offices, was ob-  
“ liged to return to his country, to bemoan the loss of his  
“ only son.”

With infinite concern I read the above article and re-  
solved to lose no time in pursuing my way to Scotland. I  
recollected my horse was taken from me at Highgate, when  
I was robbed, and having now a legal discharge from the war  
office, I knew nobody durst again molest me. The gelding  
I found was at grass on the ground of a farmer, near New-  
ington; to him I repaired, but found his charge was too high  
for me to satisfy.

I returned to town once more, to try the disposal of my  
Manuscripts, and fortunately met with a person who had  
a heart to encourage real merit. On producing my History  
to this gentleman, an agreement was soon made. I was amply  
supplied with cash to purchase a suit, release my nag, and car-  
ry me decently on my journey; I therefore once more set out  
on my road for Scotland, promising to send the sequel of my  
story to the worthy gentleman just mentioned, which I have  
done.

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The



*The SEQUEL to the History of the  
Unfortunate Caledonian in England.*

**I** LEFT London on the fourth of September, after having written to my father to apprise him of my intended immediate return, inclosing the following Letter to ELIZA:

“ My Dear ELIZA,

“ During a tedious and cruel captivity, I have scarcely  
“ suffered one hour to pass over my head without recalling  
“ your dear image to my mind. I wrote to you frequently  
“ from the various places of my suffering, but am afraid  
“ none of them reached your hand. As I knew the caprice of  
“ your father, I durst not add to your affliction, by kindling  
“ his rage afresh, being persuaded every line would pass thro’  
“ his hands.

“ But, my fair ELIZA, I find by a Paper which I lately  
“ saw here, that your father is no more. I sincerely sympa-  
“ thize with your affliction, and the great grief of your dear  
“ mother on the occasion. It is vain for me to say I forgive  
“ him.—I trust the Almighty did that before his eyes were  
“ closed in death. However, I will remember his cruelty  
“ and my affliction no more, when united to her who claims  
“ all my affection. I as much account my fair one mine, as  
“ if the ceremony had actually passed on New Year’s Day,  
“ which we mutually trusted would have proved a day of  
“ gladness, and the consummation of our happiness.

“ Since then I have suffered much, but the idea of your dear  
“ person, and the reflection on your love, supported my  
“ anxious soul, and lightened my sorrows.

“ There is still a distance of near four hundred miles be-  
“ tween my dear ELIZA and me. The time of my accom-  
“ plishing that journey, can be little short of ten days, several  
“ circumstances considered; meanwhile, my fair one, I re-  
“ main with the sincerest love, and most unbounded affection,

“ Your’s, &c.

“ ATTICUS.”

*London, Sept. 4,*

1779.

I again

I again passed through Highgate, and soon after saw the place where I was robbed and stripped by the villains, whom the Grazier of Stoke Newington had told me were both hanged at Tyburn, in the summer preceding my return, for a robbery, which circumstance I forgot to mention in its place.

Nothing worth recording occurred during my journey, till I came to Doncaster in Yorkshire, where I was taken suddenly ill, and obliged to lie by several days. On the 11th of September, being better, I got forward to Northaleton, a long ride, and next morning I was going to put up at an inn in Dorlington.

As I was dismounting, I saw a young man whom I knew to have been a servant of my father. He rode smartly, and had passed me before I could look round. I again mounted my horse, and overtook him. He did not know me at first. When I spoke to him, he was so much overcome with joy, as to be unable immediately to return any answer. At last he told me, that his Master, ELIZA, and her Mother, were all at Durham to give me the meeting—that they had been there several days, their farther progress having been retarded by the indisposition of ELIZA.

This prevented my halting in Dorlington, only taking a little refreshment at the door. At noon I arrived in the city of Durham, and again beheld and embraced my charming ELIZA, after a separation of near nine months.

*Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite dapnium!*

What I felt at the occasion is not to be committed to writing. Surrounded by an honoured father, the venerable lady, and my adorable ELIZA, was too much for humanity. Silence awhile expressed our mutual joy.

We had a handsome dinner provided, and we set out in a post chaise, which they brought from Scotland, and reached Morpeth that evening.

We

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We arrived at Scotland on the thirteenth of September. I found myself quite recovered, and ELIZA was much better. As I passed through Kelso, the people surrounded us, and expressed their joy by loud acclamations. The next day we were visited by many of the neighbouring ladies and gentlemen of Tiviotdale, who all heartily welcomed me back from the most unheard of captivity.

My father prepared a sumptuous entertainment, and the eighteenth day of the month was appointed for the solemnization of the marriage, which had been so long unhappily protracted. We had already been thrice proclaimed in the church, yet the Minister demanded a *testimonial* of my upright behaviour in the time I was absent; on which I produced a *discharge*, signed by the secretary at war, which highly satisfied him, and produced a burst of merriment.

Perhaps no people in the world are more public and ostentatious in their weddings than those of Scotland. All the gentry of the country were invited, and the best band of music the place afforded was prepared. The bells rang from an ancient Gothic steeple on the banks of the Tweed, and ushered in the auspicious morning.

At nine my youthful friends attended me on horseback, to the house of ELIZA, and the Minister but pronounced that union, which before was indissoluble.

I was conducted home with my bride, amidst an universal joy. Many innocent diversions that day were exhibited in the villages around. At night a ball was given to the nymphs and swains, and the following ode was performed in the course of the evening: with which I leave my readers, who I dare say will unanimously bestow their tribute of joy on the occasion, and unite in a grateful song of praise to Him "whose ways are in the deep, and his paths in the mighty waters." Who permits apparent evil to bring forth the completest happiness; and contrasting past grief to present bliss, discovers the former to have been imaginary, constituting the latter really substantial.



